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The Girl in the Car

Drawn by R. M. Crosby



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THE BIG YEAR

A COLLEGE STORY

BY

MEADE MINNIGERODE



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1921

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1921

To

THE CLASS

OF

NINETEEN

TEN

"For to-morrow may bring sorrow,
So, to-day, let us be gay. . . ."

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THE BIG YEAR

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST PARADE

"Oh, Sparrow Scott!"

The call came floating over the Campus from the Vanderbilt end, and Jimmy sat up on his knees and gazed across the grass patches, shading his eyes with a grimy hand.

"Oh, Sparrow *Scott!*" came the call again, more insistently, and this time Jimmy did not need Sparrow's answering shout to recognize Angel Benson.

"Yeah, Angel!" chanted the invisible Sparrow. "Had—a—good—summer?"

Jimmy laughed to himself as he shuffled along the Senior Walk towards Vanderbilt Arch. Had a good summer! These young

men always said that to each other on the opening day of a new college year—it almost seemed to be a tradition. He turned into the Court and found Angel disengaging himself from the combined embraces of Ham Leonard and Dandy Baxter.

"Hi, Mr. Benson!" chirped Jimmy. "Had —nad a good summer?"

"Hello, kid!" grinned Angel. "Who taught you to say that? How's everything—all set for a big year?"

"You betcha!" Jimmy assured him. "Seen Mr. Corliss yet?"

"No," replied Angel, moving off with Dandy. "The elephant's out at football practice I guess. I haven't seen anything of Curly yet except his clothes all over my room! See you later, Jimmy boy. . . ."

Jimmy was a towheaded youngster who had pattered on his barefooted way through some twelve summers, and splashed around in his native slush in oddly assorted footgear through as many winters. In winter time, moreover, he probably wore overcoats of sorts, and possibly a hat. Yes, a cap it was, very



frayed as to peak and garish as to appearance, several sizes too large so that it rested heavily on his freckled ears.

But one seems to remember him best innocent of shoes or stockings, in a pair of brown knickers displaying irregular shaped patches in the seat and an inevitable hole in one or another knee—and a white soft shirt with the collar turned in, showing a triangle of very tanned chest under his aggressive little chin. One also recalls a mop of yellowish hair straggling over his forehead, a pair of piercing blue eyes—and an extraordinary capacity for chewing gum! And of course the strident newsboy's voice, prerogative of his guild.

For Jimmy was a newsboy, and his accustomed beat was that stretch of Elm Street before the College Post Office, where three times a day at least the whole college passed before his appraising eyes to and from the Campus on its way to classrooms, dormitories, and "eating joints." The Chapel was just across the street, and Jimmy had developed a faculty for telling how all of his young men were feeling every morning just from the way

they walked. Jimmy would have snorted his contempt for such things as telepathy, but at certain times he knew instinctively that they were worrying about "exams"—that at other times they were fretting at the monotony of slushy days and working themselves up into a condition conducive to spontaneous riot—and that at other times again Spring was in the air, and all the world strolled contentedly in flannels!

On one side stood the Oval, with its sundial and its gilt clock, and the vine-covered buildings, a rich red against the warm blue of autumn skies. Here lived people called Juniors, mostly, whose good pleasure it was to lean out of windows and utter impertinences to contemporaries basking in the sunshine below. In Jimmy's circle such remarks would have precipitated the dust of battle, but in this curious world visible to him through the high railings, to call a person twice your size a big stiff was apparently an accepted form of conversation.

In the mornings this Oval was a busy place, with streams of young men pouring out of the

recitation building at the end—where the brick lions guarded the clock—to be replaced by other streams, each one greeting the other, all the way down the line——

"Hello, Pete—Hello, Skinny—Morning, boys—Hi, fellers . . ."

Book-bearing young men, shuffling along in twos and threes carrying blue-covered note-books, and clustering around the entrance until the last available second. Incidentally this phase of life struck Jimmy as rather dull, and his young men often had a worried look.

"Say, Bill!" they would say on such occasions. "Have you looked at the awful stuff?"

"No," Bill would reply, as likely as not. "If he calls on me I'll flunk cold. Got a cig?"

All of which was Collegiate English to Jimmy, and consequently incomprehensible.

But in the afternoons the Oval was always full of possibilities. Groups gathered on the steps of the various entries, intent on nothing but the pursuit of happiness, and it was interesting to watch their ways and listen to their laughter. It was also quite on the cards that

the sudden merging of two or three such groups might result in an impromptu track meet, or an exhibition of acrobatic skill, or possibly a race staged with the help of bicycles purloined from the front of the *Daily News* entry, where the "heelers" left them while they went in to consult their reportorial assignments.

Here also occasionally came Seniors, particularly on early spring afternoons—careless, hatless, pipe-smoking persons, who walked with the tread of men who do not care *who* owns the town, and took their pleasure roller-skating around the asphalt walk. Sometimes too they rolled hoops, or gathered in corners to spin tops. Jimmy understood vaguely that they did this because they were Seniors—there seemed to be no other adequate reason—and he liked them above all others.

To them apparently was vouchsafed a peculiar grace, a particular dispensation of privilege which cast a glow over their manner even of tossing away a match, and gave an epic touch to their slightest impulses. A sound of tumult in the night might mean the beginnings of an

entertaining racket—but if it came from an abode of Seniors, then something worth while was assured.

"Come on—everybody out . . ."

Jimmy had simply learned that this was so, without in the least comprehending why. In fact, at first the paradox had deceived him—because Freshmen for instance made a great deal more noise than anyone else, without anything in particular ever eventuating. And yet a handful of Seniors marching sedately along with a drum could precipitate an evening the likes of which the three lower classes roaring Fire! at the top of their lungs could not hope to approximate!

Across the street from the Oval was the Campus—a broad place of grass and elms and stone-flagged pathways with big cracks in them. This was before the days of the brick road, and ivy-covered Alumni Hall, where the sparrows gathered in chattering droves at dusk, was still standing with its towers and its imitation wooden battlements. To Jimmy, it was more particularly the place where they had mass meetings, when the college came to

practice football songs, and stamp its feet and cheer—to the great annoyance, no doubt, of the sparrows.

Away off at the other end was the Arch which led into the courtyard of Vanderbilt, the Senior dormitory—and here Jimmy felt convinced was the hub of the universe. Through the railings on the Chapel Street side you could look into this enclosure, with its one big tree and its dirt yard, and contemplate enchanting proceedings. Originally it had probably been intended to put grass in the court, but the young men preferred to play Senior baseball in it, and no grass grew.

It seemed to Jimmy that these Seniors never had anything to do except disport themselves in this court, or stand in the middle of it and shout to people in top-story windows:

"Oh, Gerald Benson. . . ."

"Yeah. . . ."

"Want to go to Poli's?"

"Can't do it, Buster—got a date. . . ."

It was an enchanting place, and here, just as natural as you please, you could see the captain of the football team himself, tossing pen-

nies with a group of cronies as though he had been an ordinary mortal. Once indeed, oh horror of horrors, some of them had stood him up on his ear on the bench under the tree, and tickled him until he roared for mercy—but nothing had happened! No bolt from the skies had fallen on them. The great one had not seemed to mind it at all, and had merely contented himself with calling them a bunch of bums. These facts all seemed of the utmost interest to Jimmy, and such familiarity with so great a personage appealed to him as the highest of earthly privileges.

More especially so since the football captain of the year was Mr. Corliss, Angel's roommate, Curly Corliss, whom Jimmy had enshrined as the most wonderful being that it had ever been his good fortune to behold. Jimmy thought that the sun, moon, and stars, the local police force, and the Congress of these United States revolved around Mr. Corliss's blond head!

In fact he was thinking so at that very moment as he strolled out of the Court and through the gateway into College Street—so

that he did not notice his friend and patron, Miss Jane Dixwell, until she had stopped her car beside him at the curb. Miss Jane Dixwell lived out on Whitney Avenue in a big house set in a spacious elm-shaded lawn and she had come out the year before and made a sensation at the "Prom" with Dandy Baxter. She had a habit of going about bareheaded in her car, and usually dressed in white, but she would have been just as beautiful in any other color, and upper classmen who frequented the Dixwell house called her a "pippin." Some of them even went so far as to say that she was "a ball of fire," and no greater praise could be bestowed on a young lady by a college community. She and Jimmy were friends of long standing.

"Well, Jimmy!" she addressed him.

"Paper!" exclaimed Jimmy instinctively, then he grinned amiably and climbed up on her running board. "It's you, Miss!" he beamed at her.

"You were very far away," she laughed at him. "What was Jimmy thinking about?"

"Aw gee, Miss," Jimmy told her. "I was

thinkin' about Mr. Corliss, I guess—an' Mr. Benson an' all of them—an' College openin' again to-night—an' them bein' Seniors. It's goin' to be a big year, I tell ya!"

"It's the night of the Rush, isn't it?" Miss Dixwell observed. "I suppose you'll be there for the parade to see that everything's all right!"

"Sure thing," Jimmy assured her. "I ain't ever missed one. Mr. Corliss'll lead it this year—it'll be a swell parade, I guess."

"You think the world of Mr. Corliss, don't you?" she smiled at him. "Do you know I've never met Mr. Corliss! No sir! I know Mr. Benson and Mr. Baxter, but I've never met your hero!"

"Aw gee, Miss!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Ain't ya never met him? Gee, you've missed it! He's some guy, Miss!"

"So they tell me," replied Miss Dixwell. "I suppose you know him very well?"

"Sure, I know him," said Jimmy. "Ever since Freshman year. Gee whiz, I can remember the first time I seen him——"

"Go on, tell me about it," suggested Miss

Dixwell, for whom her protégé's enthusiasms were always a delight.

"It was this way," Jimmy began. "It was the night of the Rush, see, in his Freshman year. There was a mob of Sophomores had some Freshmen up at Billy's, givin' them a beer shampoo—I was outside listenin' to the roughhouse. An' along comes a big guy in a jersey an' a pair of flannel pants an' sneakers, see, an' he went right into Billy's an' pulled out the Freshmen they had in there. The Sophs they couldn't do nothin' to him—gee, it was slick! That was Mr. Corliss, the big guy——"

"How did you know who it was?" asked Miss Dixwell.

"I didn't know," Jimmy explained. "But when he came out there was some Seniors standin' around an' one of them says 'That's young Corliss—Sid Corliss's brother.' Gee whiz, Miss, when I heard it was Sid's brother I had a hunch things would happen—Guess you never saw Sid Corliss, Miss! I sold him a paper once. He was back in town for a game, an' I sold him a paper. There ain't another

newsy around here now ever sold Sid Corliss a paper, not a one!"

"I see," smiled Miss Dixwell. "You sold a paper to Sid Corliss, and when his brother came to college I suppose you felt you had a proprietory interest in him!"

"I—I guess so, Miss!" Jimmy agreed dubiously, wondering what she meant. "I stuck by him ever since, you betcha!"

It was true enough! Ever since that memorable evening when Sid Corliss's brother had come to college—calling, "Hey, fellers, wait for me!" in his plaintive voice down the street after his classmates—Jimmy had devoted himself to the study of "young Corliss," and had found him, well, pure gold—although he did not express it in so many words.

And Jimmy knew. He could not have told how, or just what it was actually that he knew—but he saw them all, day in and day out, year after year, in all their moods, and he knew that Curly Corliss was a great man.

And it was not just that Curly could play football—play it as the legendary Sid himself had never presumed to—starting off after a

punt to tear back through a broken field, thirty and forty yards at a clip—tackling an opposing back with a deadliness which was final—never hurt, always smiling—a blond head of curly hair (he never wore a headguard) flashing in and out across the field—the hands clapping together, the plaintive voice calling, "All right, all right, give me the ball!" when a game was going badly, and then carrying it alone to touchdown after touchdown.

It was not just that, although Jimmy thrilled with ecstasy over him when he managed to get into a football practice, and devoured the accounts in the Sunday papers until he knew by heart the parts about Curly Corliss. No, it was not just that. There was something else about Curly which would have made him pure gold without the football.

Just like Mr. Benson, his roommate, who had never played football in his life, but who smiled his way along and sang on the fence on spring evenings while the College gently raised its windows and held its breath to listen—Mr. Benson was pure gold, straight, and frank, and gentle, and they called him Angel Benson.

Well, Curly was the same way, straight and frank and gentle—oh, not on the football field, not that way—but gentle with animals, and with little towheaded boys.

"Well, I'd like to meet the great Mr. Corliss, I'm sure!" Miss Dixwell was saying. "But I don't suppose I ever shall."

"Aw gee, Miss, sure you will!" Jimmy insisted. "I'll fix it up for ya sometime if you say so!"

"You'll do no such thing, you little imp!" she laughed. "I expect Mr. Corliss is far too busy with his football and with all the people he knows in other places to bother his head about girls—especially girls who live here in town! We can't compete with New York you know!"

"Aw shucks, Miss," Jimmy frowned. "There ain't anyone classier than you anywheres—you'll meet Mr. Corliss this year sure——"

"Thanks for the compliment, Jimmy!" said Miss Dixwell. "Perhaps you're right—so long!"

"So long, Miss. . . ."

The September twilight faded away into darkness—dormitory windows blazed with lights after a summer's obscurity—echoing footsteps hurried along the Campus walks. Out in front of Osborn Hall a band began to play.

"*Ta*—ta, ta—*ta*—ta, Tee—*tum*—tee—tum . . ."

It was the night of the Rush, and the big year was starting.

Jimmy pranced over to Chapel Street, and there was Curly in his football sweater, with a dripping torch over his shoulder, lining them up for the parade. The band was crashing, and the fellows were all singing back there under the dancing flares—and Jimmy forthwith stood on his head in the middle of the street. Jimmy always stood on his head on such occasions!

Curly came over to him and poked him cheerily in the ribs.

"Hello there, Jimmy boy!" he hailed him. "Waiting for you! Let's start the parade, what do you say?"

"You betcha!" beamed Jimmy—and they

were off, with the band turning itself loose on *Down the Field.* The parade of the Rush always began with *Down the Field*, the same old tune in the same old way!

This was pretty slick business, thought Jimmy as they started down Chapel Street—himself and Mr. Corliss leading the parade, then the long row of fellows in blue or white sweaters bearing the University letter, and after them the Second Regiment Band, jogging patiently along, wishing the way around the Green were not so far! Then the torches, row after row of them, sliding in and out from side to side in a riotous snake dance, looking like a lot of fireflies from a distance.

Jimmy knew the Seniors would be wearing their coats with the linings outside to save them from burns and oil, and then would come the Juniors fast on their heels—then the Sophomores in jerseys, and numeral hats many of them, and finally, way at the end of the line in closely locked ranks arm in arm, the Freshmen, wondering what it was all about and determined to abolish those supercilious fellows directly in front of them.

Jimmy had watched the parade often enough, and darted in and out of it in the effort to secure a torch, and he knew just what they were doing and singing. For instance he knew that by the time they turned the corner at Church Street the Freshmen would have learned how to snake dance, and would come tearing down the slope into the rear ranks of the Sophomores amid angry cries.

"Back up—back up! Cut it out. . . .!"

Also he knew that by the time the head of the parade had reached the Graduates Club over on Elm Street, on the way up the Green again, the band would be playing the college song, and graduates would come out on the front steps of the Club and take off their hats.

"The shortest, gladdest years of life. . . ."

These things always happened just so, and Jimmy understood that it was pleasant and proper that this should be the case. But what made it all so extraordinary and unusually delightful this year was that he should be leading the whole performance, right onto the

Campus. This was a distinction not ordinarily vouchsafed to newsboys.

And of course Jimmy knew just where to go, too. The bare spot on the Campus in front of Alumni Hall, just inside the fence, where they had the football bonfires. The band would march to that spot, wind up with a flourish, and then disappear into the night in search of beer, their task accomplished. Then the parade would break up and rush all together for the bare spot, and the result would be a big ring, Seniors in front sitting cross-legged with their torches out before them, and after them the rest all piled in as close as they could pack. It all seemed to happen automatically. Then the Sophomores would give a cheer for themselves, and the Freshmen would reply, raggedly at first and then with growing confidence, and a new college class would be born.

Jimmy, once inside the magic circle, made himself very scarce. It had been his experience that little boys were tolerated only as long as they remained rigidly inconspicuous, and of course Mr. Corliss had forgotten all about

him—for he was very busy now arranging for the wrestling matches.

Jimmy pulled his feet in and made himself very small between the knees of two big crew men, and settled down to enjoy the proceedings. It sure was fun here in the middle, behind the ring of smoking torches, with the surging crowd all around pushing, pushing, pushing, until some Senior barked at them:

"Hey there! Get off my back! What do you think I am, a mattress. . . ."

In a moment Curly had settled the ring, kicked out a couple of protruding torches, and was calling the wrestlers in.

"Sophomore lightweight, Sophomore lightweight—Freshman lightweight—come on, Freshmen, send in a man."

Then the two contestants, stripped to the waist, went at it amid cheers and groans, under the dancing shadows. And Curly was always right in the midst of it, seeing fair play, working as hard over this as though it had been a championship football game. That was Curly's way. The bouts were evenly split between the two classes that year when it

came to the heavyweights—this would be the deciding contest, and the Freshmen were making a terrific racket over it. Jimmy squirmed with delight, and ventured to join in on a cheer. Gee, this was the life!

The Sophomore, very confident, stepped into the ring, and after much consultation in the rear of the crowd, a Freshman was shoved in, looking very sheepish in the face of the cheer that greeted him. He was not such a big chap, but he stripped well, and the Juniors gave him a tremendous hand. He was no slouch, as Jimmy boldly confided to one of his guardian crew men. And then for the second time in his life, winged words rang in Jimmy's ears.

"That's young Corliss," he heard one Senior tell another. "Curly Corliss's brother."

So here was yet a third Corliss, another Curly. . . .

Jimmy stood right up in the ring and shrieked!

"Attaboy, Corliss!" he piped. "Show a little pep!" and then he dove back under the

protecting knees while the Seniors all roared with laughter.

And that is why Corliss third was known all through his college course as Attaboy—At Corliss, but Jimmy never knew that until long days after.

It was a beautiful bout and went to the limit of time allowed, and the partisans yelled themselves hoarse through every phase of it. Public opinion in general was with young Corliss, on account of his lesser size and weight, but big Corliss saw to it that rigorous fair play prevailed, more than ever now, if that had been possible, because it was his own brother concerned. He could have called it a fall back there in the second round when he had had to lie down flat on his face to watch the Sophomore's shoulders, and the rest of the college were imploring him to do so—but he had not, and so young Corliss finally lost the decision.

Jimmy left the ring with the others and danced his way up to York Street, never very far away from Curly. This was a tremendous evening, and now they would go up and watch the Rush, while great crowds of people went

storming up and down the street, to meet in Homeric clashes, and push and shove and swear and perspire to their heart's content. Jimmy had never been able to discover just what pleasure there might be in all this for the actual participants, but it was highly enjoyable for the spectators, and apparently it was the proper way to spend the opening night of college.

And of course this year it would be better than ever, because was he not, so to speak, attached officially to Mr. Corliss?—and consequently, if he did not get in the way too much he could follow him everywhere, and watch him poking his lighted torch in the faces of obstreperous underclassmen—and cleaving his way into crowded rooms in Pierson to rescue a long-suffering Freshman toiling through the mysteries and sophomoric pleasantries of scrambling like an egg and unraveling like a knot.

The Rush went off in the most approved style, and this time Curly had no compunctions about announcing "Freshmen win!" For the early events of the evening had

aroused the youngsters' blood, and with young Corliss at their head the Freshmen swept the street of Sophomores and showed signs of wishing to try their prowess on any other class which might happen to be around!

But throughout the affray Jimmy noted with admiring pride how a lane opened of itself through the densest crowd at the sight of Curly's football sweater. Gee whiz, it was great to be a big man like that, and not even have to say anything to make people let you pass!

And inside of Pierson, the Freshman dormitory, it was the same way. Curly and Angel Benson meeting by chance on the front steps went in together and wandered around a while to look things over. Mostly they remained inconspicuously in the background, for after all this was the Sophomores' night, and a little horseplay never did a Freshman any harm. But here and there they came across a roomful where the proceedings struck them as being somewhat exaggeratedly long drawn out. Curly was at his best then!

"What goes on—what goes on?" he would

demand, looming up suddenly in the doorway —and a look of dawning hope would appear on the face of the forlorn pyjama-clad Freshman on the table. "That's enough," he would announce. "Clear out, everybody. All right Fresh, get down!"

And they would all clear out, without a word, to Jimmy's unbounded delight. Gee, it was slick! Then Curly and Angel would sit down for a while and talk to the Freshman, and ask him about his school and what he was going in for and all the rest of it—and Jimmy could never resist running back after they had gone to tell the Freshman who it was!

"The big guy with the sweater—that's Curly Corliss, the football captain!"

Well, gee whiz, the Freshman ought to know. It did not happen to everybody!

And then, in the midst of all this, something happened to Jimmy in connection with Curly Corliss that had never happened to anyone. He had gone back to make his great announcement to another Freshman, and when he came running out Curly and Angel had disappeared. Gee whiz, thought Jimmy, they had gone out

without him, and he might be missing something.

Jimmy tore downstairs and out of the front door, and sure enough there was Mr. Corliss over on the other side of the street talking to some people. Jimmy started to run across the street, without noticing the street car lumbering around the corner—and then before he knew it Jimmy tripped and fell, and the car was almost on top of him, grinding its brakes.

Jimmy never knew exactly what happened in the next few seconds, but he heard people shouting, and then something struck him and he was dragged violently away by the seat of his pants. When he could think connectedly again he was sitting on the curb considerably battered—and Curly was sitting beside him, with his trousers torn, nursing a badly cut hand.

"Aw gee, Mr. Corliss . . ." gasped Jimmy.

It seemed that Curly had heard the shout, and the brakes being jammed on, and in a flash he had leaped before the street car and yanked Jimmy away. Jimmy gathered all this in driblets from the bystanders. Curly

himself said nothing except, "Oh shut up, can't you? It wasn't anything at all . . ." but he laughed nervously and Angel Benson was as white as a sheet.

"My God, Curly, you might have been killed!" he exclaimed once, and Jimmy nearly burst with horror. Curly Corliss the football captain had risked his own utterly priceless life to save *him!* He would have to tell Miss Dixwell about it in the morning. Jimmy fumbled at his ragged shirt sleeves, trying to tear off a strip of linen.

"Aw gee, Mr. Corliss," he stammered. "Let me fix your hand. It ain't hurt so you can't play football is it? You hadn't ought to have done it—not before the football season! Aw gee, Mr. Corliss, you're some guy!"

And even Angel Benson laughed.

CHAPTER II

THE GIRL IN THE CAR

It was only a few weeks later that the opportunity came to Jimmy to pay his debt to Curly, and curiously enough it was Miss Jane Dixwell who furnished it—Miss Jane Dixwell and of course Champ.

Champ was the friend of all the world, or at least, of that part of it situated on and about the Campus, although theoretically he belonged to Angel Benson. His official residence was in the back yard of Garland's up on York Street, whither he had come in their Freshman Year as a two-year-old bull terrier, but he took his walks abroad like any undergraduate, and formed a habit of visiting acquaintances all over the college, with or without his master.

He wore a big leather collar with a silver plate setting forth that he was "Angel Ben-

son's dog, Champ" and the class numerals. He had been nicknamed Champ in Freshman Year when Curly's team had gone through their entire season without being scored on, and it was on that occasion that the discovery had been made that the pup could drink beer —not only could, but would with apparent relish. This had seemed an altogether pleasant fact to the inmates of Garland's Freshman rooming house and Angel and Curly used to give demonstrations of this propensity to admiring crowds at Billy's and other Freshman resorts.

During that first year Champ had comported himself very properly, as behooved a Freshman, and had abstained from manifestations of a public nature beyond his own immediate circle. He took a prominent part to be sure in the Washington's Birthday Rush, and hurled himself at the Sophomore fence—the goal of that affray—with the best of them. But this was perfectly permissible, and he was merely following the example of his master and his associates. In the spring too, on Omega Lambda Chi Night, Champ had jumped into

the base drum, but after all that is a night of careless excitement, and even a Freshman may be permitted a lesser folly!

But in Sophomore Year when the class moved to Crown Street, and took to spending its evenings at Mory's—pleasant resort strictly taboo to Freshmen—Champ began to expand. He became known to upper classmen, who showed an interest in his beer drinking proclivities, and alone of his class roamed at will all over the ground floor of Mory's instead of confining himself to the limits of the Sophomore Room.

It seemed incumbent on him to adopt a definite course of conduct, and go in for one or another extra curriculum activity—more especially so since his one attempt to favor the regular curriculum with his presence had ended in complete disaster!

It appeared that the study of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* in Sophomore English, over in Osborn Hall, would not be facilitated by the presence on one of the front seats of a bull pup panting forth his love and admiration for the professor with quivering tongue! The pro-

fessor had been quite short about it, and Angel had basely sided with him to the extent of a rapid removal of Champ from the room by his collar, supplemented by the swiftest of kicks administered to his hind quarters.

It seemed harsh to Champ. This place was supposed to be an institution of learning, was it not, and what kind of treatment was this for an ambitious pup who yearned for the refinements of culture in the company of his master? However, it seemed that there was no place for him in these halls, and Champ cast about for other spheres in which to display his activities.

His first impulse of course was to investigate his master's doings during those hours when he was not struggling with the intricacies of this man Spenser, or another subject which seemed to be called "thisdamnphysics." But this proved somewhat unsatisfactory.

In the first place Angel never seemed to be doing anything in particular. He sat around in the sun over on the Campus, and pulled Champ's ears by the hour, while he discoursed on frivolous subjects with other young men

who had as little to do as himself. Now this was all very pleasant no doubt, but it did not get you anywhere.

Champ used to escape from these lazy sun basking sessions and patter over to Elm Street to tell Jimmy about it—but even Jimmy was unsatisfactory in that he never answered Champ's questions, although he earned his regard by treating Champ as man to man whereas other newsies showed a propensity for treating him as boy to dog!

But finally one evening Champ discovered something about his master which brought sorrow to his heart. He would have liked to have shared in all of his activities, whatever they might be, but this was too much!

He observed him leaving the "Hutch"—where the Sophomores lived—and determined to follow him. Angel went over to the Campus and into a building called Dwight Hall whose purposes were unknown to Champ. Caution, based on previous experience with strange buildings, suggested to Champ that he remain on the outside, so he took up a position under a lighted window on the ground

floor where something seemed to be about to take place.

Then suddenly someone inside said "All right, fellows!" and there burst upon Champ's amazed ears a cataract of sounds which set him bristling. Great rats, what might this be? To complete his discomfort the noise soon dwindled down to a provoking hum resembling the buzzing of a multitude of blue bottle flies, and he heard his master's voice raised in lugubrious song—something about a bulldog on the bank and a bullfrog in the pool. . . .

So that was what his master did with his evenings, was it, stand there and make hideous noises, taking the honorable name of bulldog in vain! Champ sat up on his haunches and gave vent to a dreary howl in which he tried to express his deep-rooted disgust at these proceedings. Whereupon the sounds ceased very suddenly inside.

"I bet that's your mangy dog, Benson!" he heard someone say.

Well suffering cats, what did you know about that? Mangy dog! Champ barked

uproariously in outraged anger, and his master came to the window—and repudiated him! Yes, sir, repudiated him.

"Get the hell out of here!" he said, and threw something at him which on investigation proved to be a copy of the College Song Book on the cover of which was written G. R. Benson, University Glee Club. So that was the University Glee Club, hey, and that was Angel's idea of doing something for the college. Champ snorted once or twice while he worried the book for a moment, then he scratched his right ear and departed from that scene.

It was natural that he should have turned his attention thereafter to Curly Corliss. Benson and Corliss were roommates of the inseparable type, and Champ was as devoted to Curly as he was to Angel, even though Curly had started that ridiculous beer drinking stunt. Heaven knows Champ disliked beer, but it seemed to amuse his master so much he always made a pretense at enjoying it for his sake. So obviously when Angel failed him, Champ turned to Curly for inspiration.

But this was not so simple either. Curly

was always busy in the mornings—they were all busy then apparently, something to do with recitations, and "Biblitt," "dry cuts," and other incomprehensible things—and in the afternoon Curly disappeared entirely. He came back in the middle of the evening, yawned copiously for half an hour or so while he looked at a book, and then went to bed at a very early hour. This had happened the year before like this in the fall, Champ remembered, and again in the spring, and after cogitating over the matter Champ came to the conclusion that the secret of all this must be Curly's diurnal disappearances.

He took to snooping around in odd places following Curly's scent, and finally ran him to earth one afternoon outside a big brick building on Elm Street. In the early days of Freshman Year, Champ had imagined that this must be a fraternity house because there were Greek letters all over the front of it—but it seemed they meant Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, or Football, Baseball, Track, and Crew or something like that—at all events it was called the Gym.

And lo and behold, there was Curly, but in the funniest clothes imaginable. A strange pair of pants, all padded and laced, and a blue sweater, and a pair of boots which clattered when he moved around on the stone flags before the door. There was a great crowd of them there, all dressed like Curly, except that some of them had curious leather things on their heads. This was very strange thought Champ and he sat down on the curb to await developments.

These shortly materialized in the shape of a street car marked Special into which these worthies all scrambled, accompanied by a handful of people in ordinary clothes. The car set out down York Street, and then out Chapel, and Champ gathering his heels beneath him set out after it.

It seemed that they would never stop. Way out to the end of Chapel Street, and then down past the steam laundry, across the marshes over the bridge and up the other slope to where a wooden structure of some kind towered behind a high wooden fence on the left. Here and there on this fence classes had

painted their numerals in glaring blue. The car stopped and they all got out, and Champ being thoroughly intelligent pretended that he lived there and was not in the least interested in their doings, so that he had no trouble at all getting in.

And when you got inside, great cats, Champ found, you went under a lot of beams and things along a sort of runway, and then you came out onto a field with white stripes painted on it at regular intervals, and wooden contraptions at each end—and all around were stands of seats, hundreds and hundreds of seats.

Champ was tremendously impressed and began to feel that here at last he was on the trail of something important. He nosed around for a while to familiarize himself with the place, and discovered among other things that you could go all the way around the field under the seats. This was rather pleasant, he thought, and occupied his time until proceedings on the field itself attracted his attention.

They were all running around in little groups, falling all over each other, and then

getting up to start it all over again. It must be some sort of a rush, Champ decided. Over at the south end a line of them were hurling themselves at a pair of pants stuffed with something or other suspended from a beam on a rope. This struck Champ as being a highly ridiculous way to spend an afternoon, but they seemed to be taking it terribly seriously. Up at the north end five or six of them were busily engaged in kicking a ball over the wooden contraption, and Champ had to restrain himself from dashing after it—it had such a tantalizing way of lollopping about after it struck the ground. It was a funny ball anyway, with pointed ends and laced up the middle.

In and out of this general commotion went the people in ordinary clothes, shouting out instructions and apparently working themselves up into conniptions over the affair.

"What's the matter with you—fall on the ball, *fall* on it—How many times do I have to tell you—it's your job to stop that end—and as for you there, you end, it's *your* job not to be stopped—now hop to it. . . ."

Champ sat against the railing and grinned broadly at them. Here was entertainment galore for a brisk October afternoon!

Suddenly someone blew a whistle and most of the young men left the field and sat along the low wooden bench against the fence in the sun, draping themselves in blue-gray blankets, which made them look like Indians, Champ thought. He had seen some once at a circus and had enjoyed them immensely until they had seen him and kicked him out of the tent!

"Come on there, make it snappy—Scrubs' ball on the Varsity's thirty-yard line—let's see you take it over."

The people remaining on the field were lining up in some sort of formation, apparently in opposing camps facing each other, and Champ realized that something important was about to take place. Curly was out there, standing behind one of the formations, chewing a blade of grass and rubbing his hands on the seat of his pants and Champ prepared to observe his doings especially.

"Ready Varsity—ready Scrubs?" said someone, and the party was on. There was a

little fellow out there with red hair who popped up periodically and rattled off a string of numbers in a barking voice in the most aggravating manner!

"Regular kick forma*tion*—Corliss back—Seventeen—forty-*two*—nine*teen*. . . ."

"Signal—signal!"

"Seven*teen*—forty-*two*—make it go now—nine*teen*—*shift*. . . ."

Champ itched to bark back at him, only caution forbade. But he wriggled around uncomfortably on the tip of his tail every time it happened.

And then an event took place which aroused Champ beyond all recollection of discretion. The bunch who seemed to be called Varsity were plowing ahead, making a great todo about it, when suddenly the red-headed chap jammed the ball into Curly's stomach. It seemed a great liberty to take, thought Champ, but Curly showed no signs of resenting it. Instead, he tucked the ball under his arm and started to dance and sidestep his way in and out, with the blade of grass still between his teeth.

"There he goes again," said a substitute on the side-lines. "You can't even tackle the elephant—see how he runs with his knees up —he's off for a touchdown again just as sure as shooting. . . ." Champ thought this was quite splendid, and even barked a little just to let Curly know he was with him.

And then, could you beat it? Someone came tearing along and lunged at Curly as he went by, apparently trying to grab him around the legs. Champ cast all caution to the wind. Interfere with Curly would he? Well, Champ guessed not! Like an arrow from a bow Champ hurled himself through the air and fastened his jaws firmly in the seat of the offender's pants, in a desperate effort to prevent him from further molesting Curly.

Football practice came to a stop right there, while the Varsity sat down on the ground and laughed. They came and pried Champ loose from the astonished scrub, and Curly recognized him.

"Why, it's Champ!" he exclaimed. "Benson's dog. Must have followed me out here. Come here, you little devil!"

And that is how Champ found his vocation in college and became the mascot of the football team. He rode back to town in the car with them that afternoon, sitting on Curly's knees, and they taught him to growl whenever anyone said "Harvard!"

By the time Senior Year had come around Champ was quite a big dog, and very conscious of his position in college. He had "gone" Deke with Curly and Angel in the first Sophomore fraternity elections, and had sat solemnly on the throne beside Curly when the latter presided over meetings of that august body—also he claimed to be the only pup who had ever gone down a "beer slide." But that was in the days of his underclass dissipations!

Since then he had had his picture in the papers several times, and the conductors of all the street cars plying between the Campus and the Field knew him intimately. He also had his picture and his biography in the Class Book, along with the rest of them:

"Champ Benson, University Football Team,

Mascot. University Glee Club, Mascot. Junior Promenade Committee. Class Day Committee. Hogans. Whiffenpoofs. Delta Kappa Epsilon. . . . Roomed throughout his course with Edward Corliss and G. R. Benson."

Moreover he had a new leather collar, presented to him by the Football Association, and a big new silver plate on it which said, "I am Champ, the Mascot of the Football Team" —and then the scores of all the big games in which he had officiated—all victories but one, he could proudly say.

Of course officially he was still Angel Benson's dog, and his deep-rooted affection for his master had not abated, but he was rarely seen about with anyone but Curly, now that the latter was captain of the team. After Curly had been safely seen to bed during training season, then Champ would go off in search of recreation, usually ending up at Mory's in the Senior Room—where his name was carved in big letters on the Senior Table—but while Curly was up and around Champ seldom left his heels. If you saw Champ sitting some-

where on the Campus, snoozing in the sun, it was safe to assume that Curly was not far distant.

During the weeks which followed the Rush this supervision of Curly was shared by Champ with his friend Jimmy. Jimmy had fewer opportunities to follow Curly around, but he made the most of them when they presented themselves. Ever since the evening Curly had pulled him out from under the street car Jimmy's devotion had sought expression in countless ways, and Curly had really been embarrassed to know what to do with the little blue-eyed shaver who was making him more conspicuous by his silent individual worship than any football stand cheering his name could have done.

Finally one day just before football practice Curly caught Jimmy out in front of the Oval and pulled his ears.

"Want a job, Jimmy boy?" he asked him.

"Sure thing, Mr. Corliss," Jimmy responded eagerly.

"How'd you like to look after Champ out at the Field?" went on Curly. "He's getting too

nosy these days. He'll probably try and bite someone on the Princeton team! You come out and fasten yourself to the other end of Champ's chain if you like."

"Aw gee, Mr. Corliss, do you mean it?" gasped Jimmy. "I can go to the Field every day—an' see the big game an' all—aw gee."

Jimmy stood on his head, right in the middle of Elm Street! This was too wonderful to contemplate. Mr. Corliss was not mad at him for having had to pull him out from under the car—and he was to have a job with the team—and see the big game, from the side-lines, just like Sid Corliss and all the rest of the great ones—gee whillikens!

And so at the next football practice Champ suddenly found himself anchored to Jimmy on the end of a length of very shiny chain, and very nearly strangled himself trying to break the bond which united them! Jimmy had his hands full with him, for the pup was strong as they come, and the substitutes had a good laugh watching Champ drag Jimmy up and down the side-lines.

But for all that Jimmy prevented Champ

from breaking loose onto the field every time Curly started to run with the ball—which seemed to have become Champ's one idea in life! It was the last week before the Princeton game, and football practice was a grim affair, but everyone found time to smile at Jimmy and his panting charge—which was possibly what Captain Curly had had in mind!

Of course from then on in his capacity of keeper of the Mascot, Jimmy considered himself authorized to attend mass meetings in Alumni Hall, and as he was a well behaved little boy and never in the way, he was allowed to do so—and his shrill little treble arose like a beacon above the booming baritone of the football choruses.

He knew the words of all the songs, trust Jimmy, better than the cheer leaders probably, even the one they used to sing in fun at Mory's —to Curly's great disgust!

On his field, with his shield—Never yield—
Comes our gallant Captain, *Curly* Corliss, *Curly* Corliss,
See him dash, see him crash

To the goalposts like a ramrod, a ramrod!
Every stride of his side means a ride
Of the leather to the Harvard goal, the Harvard goal—
Every time that he goes,
Every man in college knows
A score is sure! Oh—
Curly Corliss, Curly Corliss,
He will leave old Harvard scoreless—
He won't stop, see them drop
Right and left like toys!
That's the sign, ain't he fine,
Plowing through the line?
Twenty yards, thirty yards, forty yards, SCORE!
Our *Curly* Corliss!

Jimmy thought that this was a splendid song, and he could never understand why they sang it so much under Curly's window—but never at the Field!

He simply tingled all over with delight at these mass meetings—the crowd, the noise, the smell of pipes—the Seniors scraping their chairs along the dusty floor to get nearer the stage—and then the cheers rattling like musketry up to the musty ceiling—and the songs!

Good old ones that they had sung even back in Sid Corliss's time, and new ones in which

you stamped your feet and made an incredible racket. *Down the Field* and *Victory*—

Everyone re*mem*bers, how in past No*vem*bers . . .

Boola and *Show me the Scotchman* and *Down in Princeton Town*—

Down, in Princeton *Town*,
There lives a *Ti*ger of re*nown*,
When he meets the big blue team,
There will be an awful scream!
And I tell to *you*,
The Princeton Team,
Is turning *blue!*
They'll go back
With Nassau draped in black,
To poor old *Prince*ton *Town!*

and *Bingo, bingo, bingo, that's the lingo!*—*Good-night for Harvard*—and the *Undertaker* with its ominous chant that gripped you right in the gizzard—

Oh—o—o—o—o—oh . . .
More work for the *Un*dertaker!
'Nother little job for the *casket* maker!
In the local *cem*etery *they* are very, very busy on a brand new *grave!*
No *hope* for Harvard!
Oh—o—o—o—o—oh. . . .

And underlying it all the irresistible call of Football Week—brass bands and parades and bonfires—cheers and songs—touchdowns, and girls!

But on the big Saturday there came near not being any game at all for Jimmy! He was getting ready to take Champ out to the Field, when suddenly in the crowds on Elm Street the pup broke away and dashed across the road to speak his mind to an Airedale from Princeton. Champ may have had a bet up on the game, two bones to one, or something—but in any case he paid no attention to a big limousine driven by a girl, which was threading its way through the jam of traffic. At the same time Champ got all tangled up in his chain, and stark tragedy loomed up before Jimmy's horrified gaze.

"You're runnin' over my dog!" he screamed, and hurled himself after Champ, heedless of everything save his precious mascot. Gee whiz, the thought thrilled through his mind—it was like Mr. Corliss saving him from the street car—now he could repay by saving Champ.

When they picked him up he was stunned, with a nasty gash over one eye where he had struck the fender of the automobile—but safely clutched in his arms was Champ, unhurt, and very conscious of the fact that he had made a fool of himself as he licked Jimmy's face contritely.

"Put him right in the car," a familiar voice was saying. "I'll take him to the hospital right away."

It was Miss Jane Dixwell, and it was her car that they were bundling him into.

"Gee whiz, Miss!" he exclaimed weakly when he understood what was going on. "Where's my dog—I ain't got no time to go to the hospital—I tell ya I gotta go to the game with Champ—aw, have a heart, Miss!"

But she took him off to the hospital just the same, and waited while they did queer things to him and put a number of stitches in his head. Jimmy was in despair. The game had begun long ago, and he was not there with Champ! What would Mr. Corliss say! He hated like thunder missing the game himself, but Champ's absence might be disastrous.

And then while he was coming to, feeling the bandage around his head, he heard an interne call to another.

"Guess Princeton's got them," he said. "Yes, ten to nothing, first half just ending."

Jimmy felt very dizzy—holy mackerel, the game half over already—and Princeton winning—and there sat Champ at the foot of the bed who could have prevented it all—could still prevent it.

"Say, Mister," Jimmy implored the doctor. "I'm all right now—honest I am—can I go—I gotta take Champ out to the game—he's the mascot an' they can't win without him—please Mister, let me go—I guess they need us bad out there!"

The doctor looked at Jimmy and wondered whether keeping him there at such a juncture would not do him more harm than anything else!

"How you going to get out there?" he inquired. "You can't walk it."

"I'll take him out, Doctor," said Miss Dixwell from the doorway where she had been

standing. "I've got my car here, if you think it's all right."

"Go to it!" grinned the doctor. "And good luck."

"Jimmy," said Miss Dixwell as they went tearing out Chapel Street. "Will you do something for me?"

"Sure thing, Miss," replied Jimmy.

"Promise me you won't tell Mr. Benson who it was nearly ran over you?" she asked.

"All right, Miss," Jimmy assured her. "It wasn't your fault, Miss, anyways—an' you've been slick to me, Miss, you sure have!"

"We won't talk about that," said Miss Dixwell, and opened her up for the slope down to the bridge. From the Field on the other side a steady roar of cheering came to them, and snatches of Princeton songs.

Jimmy rushed to the dressing room under the stands where the team was waiting for the intermission to end. They were all sitting around in black silence, and some "grad" was standing up in the middle of the room talking to them. It was Sid Corliss as a matter of fact.

"Call yourself a football team," he was saying. "You're full of holes like a cheese . . ." but Jimmy pushed right by him.

"Aw, have a heart," he exclaimed. "It ain't their fault—it's this fool pup. . . ."

At that the team all laughed, which was the best thing possible for them under the circumstances—and then for the first time they noticed Jimmy.

"Say, kid, what's the matter?" They all crowded around him, and Curly picked him up in his arms.

"What you been doing all this time?" he asked. "We needed you."

"Aw, Mr. Corliss," Jimmy explained. "Gee, I'm sorry! The pup broke away—an' I got run over—an' . . ."

"How'd you get run over?" insisted Curly.

"Aw, gee," said Jimmy. "I thought they were goin' to hurt Champ—it was some dame drivin' a car—an' I hauled him away—an' I been to the hospital—an' then the dame, she brought me out to the Field—an' we're goin' to win the game, ain't we, Mr. Corliss?"

Curly was a very astute young gentleman! He turned to his team.

"You fellows hear that?" he asked. "The kid's brought Champ out to see us win. I guess we're going to all right, aren't we?"

"You're damn tooting!" exclaimed the red-headed quarterback, and they all laughed again.

"Angel's been having a fit out there leading cheers I guess," Curly smiled as he put Jimmy down, "wondering where Champ was! But we're all set now."

The newspapers had long articles the next day about the talking to administered to the home team between the halves by former football stars—but none of them guessed that it was Jimmy who had done the real talking!

"Time's up!" announced the referee at the door, and the team trooped out after their captain. Yes, they were going to win.

And when they came running out from under the runway onto the field behind Curly for the last half, Angel put down his megaphone and signaled helplessly to his fellow cheer leaders, for the stands arose of their own accord and



roared a mighty welcome, the likes of which have seldom been heard on that Field!

"Come on now," Angel had barked at them. "The team is coming—everybody up—I want every man, woman, and child in this stand to take off his hat and——"

He never got any further. For out in front of the team was a little boy with a bandage around his head, tugging with might and main at the chain which held Champ—Champ, the missing mascot—Champ bursting his lungs trying to get across the field and at that bunch of orange and black jerseyed guys! Then the stands also knew that they were going to win. There was never any question about it.

"We want a touchdown—we want a touchdown"—the steady chant went floating out across the meadows throughout that unforgettable second half.

Oh sure, they won! Twelve to ten! Curly clapped his hands together and kept calling out, "Never mind the signal! Give me the ball!" in his plaintive voice—and he made two touchdowns. He even made three, but somebody was offside!

That is the official explanation.

But Curly knew, and Jimmy and Champ knew, the real reason why they won!

And Miss Jane Dixwell knew!

CHAPTER III

"CHEESE IT, THE COPS!"

A FEW days after the Harvard game they were all sitting around in Angel's room—Angel and Curly and Sparrow and some others—having a "talk fest." Training season was over, and Curly was trying to make himself invisible behind a cloud of pipe tobacco smoke which preserved its own individuality even in the midst of the general blue haze which filled the room! Angel as usual was flat on his back on the window seat, while Ham Leonard sprawled his ungainly length over two chairs, one of which was theoretically supporting Mr. Scott. Dandy Baxter was at the piano picking out airs from the last Alpha Delta Phi Initiation show.

The talk turned to first impressions—their early recollections of the College—their conception of the town—the mental pictures which typified the place to them.

Of course the Campus and the Oval and the streets immediately surrounding them were the physical expression of the College in their minds. It was a space of grass under spreading trees—or a brick-bounded court with a sun-dial—or Elm Street—or York Street—or Chapel Street, but to a lesser degree already.

Angel could remember his first impression of the place when he turned into Chapel Street from Church Street on his way up from the station that first afternoon back in Freshman Year.

"Church and Chapel!" sang out the conductor, and Angel heard a phrase for the first time which was to become as familiar to him as —well, as "Two hot dogs and a cup of coffee!" up at the Black Cat lunch counter. But of course in those days Angel had never heard the song about Slew Foot Jimmy Frazer:

> They chased him up,
> They chased him down,
> They chased him 'round the town—
> From the corner of Church and Chapel Street
> To the corner of Church and Crown. . . .

There before him was a Green with a flag-



pole, and across the top of it, at the crest of an easy slope, a row of buildings outlined against the sky amid the twisted elm branches. In the center of the row was an archway with a gate, and above it a square tower with four little green-roofed turrets. This was the College.

Angel always remembered the thrill with which he gazed on this scene for the first time —what might these nameless buildings hold in store for him, and what lay beyond the gateway! Aside from that they were rather depressing looking buildings!

Angel smiled sometimes now at these early, far-away recollections. He had never lived in any of those buildings, and he had used that particular gateway only very seldom—the other one over by Osborn Hall was much more convenient—but at the time they had meant college to him. And as for the depressing architecture, of course once again, in those days Angel had never heard the song:

> These buildings old, this old Brick Row,
> In daylight seem in sorry plight—
> But with what splendor do they glow,
> When touched by magic night. . . .

As for Curly, he had already visited the town several times before Freshman Year—when he used to be brought to games out at the Field to see Sid play—and he was accustomed to this familiar view of the College. In his mind, when he stopped to think about it, his first impression as a Freshman had centered around a sound. He had not noticed it during the day, but in the quiet of his first night under a college roof he had become conscious of it, and had recognized it as something which was essentially a part of the place.

A discreet little chime, telling its endless story of passing quarter hours—one stroke for the first quarter, two for the half hour—Half Gone!—three for the third quarter—Most all Gone! And then a little measured statement of the progress of the night, like a watchman of olden times, followed by the booming of the hour, just a beat behind the town clock, very slowly and always a little flat.

There was always a little tantalizing pause between the close of the chime and the striking of the hour, and Curly listened for it many times during those early days trying to guess

the exact moment when it would end. "Now!" he would say to himself, but the chime was not to be caught that way! Now that he was a Senior, and the little chime had become second nature to him, he could tell to a second how much time must elapse during the pause—but of course he never troubled about it any more.

It was the chime in Battell Chapel tower, and to Curly in his first Freshman months it was the voice of the College, speaking to him as it had spoken to his brother Sid, as it would probably speak to the third little brother then still in prep school—as it might possibly still be speaking in a far-off day to their sons.

But not the way it spoke—oh gosh no!—the night Ham Leonard climbed into the belfry and did something to the clock so that it struck one hundred and sixty-two times before somebody fixed it, to the delighted amazement of a scandalized Campus shouting Fire! at the top of its lungs. That had been "just one of *those* nights" as Sparrow was always saying.

Hearing himself appealed to for a contri-

bution to this collection of impressions, Dandy interrupted his two-fingered harmonies long enough to state that all he could remember was the endlessly whining voice of Jimmy under his window on the morning after the Rush.

"'Twas the voice of the newsboy," said Dandy. "I heard him declare—'All about the Rush, here you are Mister—all about the Rush. . . .'"

To Sparrow, looking back at the opening days of Freshman Year from the advanced outpost of early Seniorhood, there were just two things which inevitably came to his mind, and seemed to epitomize the College for him.

"Reading lamps," he drawled. "Take your foot out of my eye, Leonard, can't you—reading lamps with green china shades seen through open windows—and cases of bottled spring water perched on window ledges!"

And then Champ! Champ had come to college with them in the beginning, all eyes and ears, like any Freshman, and he had early recollections which he might have told them about as he sat there on the window seat

beside Angel—sneezing at the tobacco smoke which the latter insisted on blowing up his nose.

One of a young Airedale, who, because he belonged to a Sophomore, had considered himself entitled to address Champ in opprobrious terms on the night of their first Rush.

"Hey, Fresh!" he had barked at him. "Stick your tail between your legs!"

Great rats! Champ had disillusioned him all right on the outskirts of the crowd on the Campus, while the Freshman-Sophomore wrestling matches were going on under the leaping shadows from the torches. That had been one bout at least which the Freshman class had won!

Then there had been a cat that same evening who had basely escaped him by taking refuge under an iron cellar door across the street—from which post of fortuitous safety she had rebuked him for nosing around a fraternity house on the very first night of his college course, and had warned him that he would "queer himself for keeps" if he went

on that way. When he had asked her what it was like inside she had moved away in a stately manner.

"We don't talk about such things here!" she observed, and Champ had retired somewhat crestfallen.

But he had had his revenge the next year when he had gone into that selfsame fraternity house with his master and Curly—and chased her from the ground floor to the roof—where it suddenly occurred to him that this was hardly proper now that they were fraternity mates! She knew a thing or two about the place, too, and put him on to some valuable tricks in connection with banquet leavings!

And then those terrible sparrows in the ivy on Alumni Hall, who gathered there at dusk—all the sparrows in town—and bickered and fluttered and twittered in the most aggravating manner. That was perhaps his most vivid recollection of those days. There was nothing to be done about it of course, but Champ used to get very much wrought up over it until they became second nature to him—just like the Chapel chime—and the

green china lamp shades—and the voice of Jimmy under the window.

And along with all these, there were other things which had become second nature to them all, until they were just as much a part of the College as those far-away first impressions—things of the town. For the town was all around them, pressing in on every side like the tides of the sea, growing hand in hand with the College which had come so long ago—a modest little row of buildings and a few books—to settle beside its Green.

Sights and sounds which had associated themselves indelibly in their minds to form a mental picture of the place, many of which they seemed to share in common.

The chimes of Christ Church on Sunday evenings in Freshman Year, clanging out their hymn tunes while the green china lamp shades were being lit in preparation for Monday morning's recitations. The lonely distant whining of locomotive whistles echoing up from the railroad yards, punctuated by the endless puffing of laboring freight trains. The sheen of uneven brick sidewalks glazed

with frost, on mornings when the College tramped about in loosely fastened arctics and rubber "slickers"—black with white canvas linings—and the manifold reflections of Chapel Street lights on rain-soaked asphalt pavements. The intermittent rumble and clatter of street cars at the crossover on the corner of Elm and College Streets—and the sudden booming of the fire alarm in the late hours of the night.

It was considered highly proper to put your head out and howl Fire! on such occasions, and of course if it was not too far away you ran after the engine—when you were Freshmen! Seniors could scarcely be bothered unless it were a second or third alarm—and of course Seniors never got arrested at fires, as under classmen often did, for being, well, more firemanly than the firemen!

"The old Green . . ." suggested Curly.

Yes, the Green, quietly spread out beneath its elms, with its ancient churches, its iron benches, and its flagpole—and the delicate white spire of the Center Church standing out against the soft rich blue of late September

skies. Pigeons fluttering around the fountain, and little boys playing football on the grass behind the old forgotten graveyard—just as long ago on the same spot the young men of the College had played football, in long trousers and high hats.

The tang of occasional breezes from the harbor, and the tin street car signs marked "Lighthouse Point"—especially if you wanted one marked "Railroad." For it was a salt water college, and the crew squads broke ice for their early spring practice. The oyster boats must have scorned the long slim-nosed shells streaking by, but at least in the matter of executive profanity they were old salts like themselves.

"Ready to back 'er, *port!*"

"*Back* 'er!"

"'Vast—ready *all! Row!*" A coxswain muffled in sweaters and overalls in the stern, a megaphone strapped over his head. "Now then Number *Four!* What the hell—" but no matter. "Shoot out those wrists—shoot 'em out—*shoot* 'em out! *Number* Three, easy on that slide—don't rush your *slide!* Elbows in,

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Five—Number Three, watch your *slide*—hell and . . ." but again, no matter. The oyster boats understood perfectly the why and the wherefore of these things!

"Get your winning colors!" mimicked Dandy from the piano. "Pictures of each and every member of the winning team—get your winning colors here——"

To be sure. The gayety of bannered and beribboned shop windows along Chapel Street on big football Saturdays, where the Blue was loyally enshrined, decking the picture of the Corliss of the year—and here and there with prudent hospitality the chrysanthemums or crimson roses of visiting teams. And along the sidewalks, in and out among the pretty girls, the hawkers with their canes and pennants.

Or the broad shaded quiet of Hillhouse Avenue on late spring afternoons, leading up between its lawns to the stately porticoed brownstone residence crowning the knoll. Prospect Street of a Sunday afternoon in mid-October, with its sweep of country spread below—West Rock and the rolling hills in their

mantle of copper-colored foliage under the blue of New England Indian Summers.

"Whitney Avenue!" chanted Angel. "Don't forget Whitney Avenue, and the ladies who give us tea. . . ."

Yes indeed—Whitney Avenue, green and cool, with its mansions and its well ordered side streets—home of the girls who went to baseball games, and to the Prom, as their mothers had before them, and bore the names of bygone Colonial governors—Miss Jane Dixwell, and her friends.

"Never could see this Whitney Avenue stuff!" objected Curly. "Can't get me excited about town girls——"

"Is that so?" retorted Angel. "You don't know what you're missing, that's all. There are some queens out there, aren't there, Dandy?"

"I took one to the Prom last year," Dandy observed. "I may say she was very soothing to the eye!"

"Jane Dixwell?" put in Sparrow. "I should say so. She's a bear!"

"Didn't notice her," said Curly airily.

"College widow most likely—probably knew your father, Dandy!"

"You go to the devil!" exclaimed Dandy. "My mother is the only girl that Daddy ever had—deedledeedum, deedum, *dee!*"

"How about Lake Whitney?" asked Ham. "Not such a bad spot, either!"

Out at the end of the avenue, the lake, placid between its grass-grown banks under the shadow of East Rock—or reëchoing to the cheers of a spring regatta when a scrub class crew splashed its way to hard-earned victory and University Boat Club pewter cups, under the critical gaze of the crowd gathered along the dusty roadway—a crowd in soft shirts eating peanuts, talking to girls in white.

And beyond, in the pleasant June countryside, Mount Carmel and Centerville, Cheshire and the Waterbury Hills—or the sea—Saltonstall—"We'll send her out to Saltonstall to coach the Freshman crew" as the old song has it—and Branford and Guilford, Lyme, Saybrook, and New London.

Perhaps for the very reason that these pleasant things were so very much second

nature to these young men of the College, there were times, however, when the priority of ownership in them on the part of the town was lost sight of.

Times when the citizen's right to peace and quiet seemed less well established than the undergraduate's prerogative of making an uproar—when the value of a picket fence as a delineator of private property was less esteemed than its capacity as a promoter of bonfires—when the scheduled passage of well filled street cars seemed of infinitely less concern than the untrammeled progress of a student parade.

Times indeed when tumult and hot-blooded tempers were abroad, and the College fought the firemen on the Green, as once long ago—or found itself barricaded behind its own Campus gates in the presence of an ill-advised mob, as once again, not at all so long ago. A mob consisting largely of "ringers" from nearby factory towns, attracted to the scene by promises of disturbance blandly issued in advance by a still more ill-advised local press.

And then, too, times of Homeric laughter,

when for no better reason—or rather for no worse one—than because it chanced to be a fine evening, the College flicked its fingers under the nose of Civic Authority. Times such as that altogether unfortunate and enormously diverting episode, when, having hastened Campusward to quell a non-existent riot, Authority suddenly found himself of necessity compelled to return to the City Hall in a patrol wagon, deprived of a most essential feature of his apparel—eke his breeches! Said feature having subsequently been hoisted to the top of the flagpole on the Green.

And at all such times, displaying an elephantine activity energetically supported by nightsticks, the police loomed largely—quite frequently with justice, and even on occasions with discretion.

In the eyes of Jimmy, in whose estimation the doings of his young men of the College were simply utterly above reproach, the police occupied the position of the natural enemy of mankind. They were to Jimmy as the nut is to the squirrel! This prejudiced view of these mercenary minions of the law was shared to

a large extent by the Freshman class, whose public activities seemed to bring them more often in personal contact with the "cops" than the three upper classes. The pleasant habit of stretching ropes across York Street was not conducive to cordiality, and the blue-coated gentry had what amounted to a tribal antipathy for the practice of inadvertently pouring water on passersby.

York Street was the chief abode of Freshmen in those days when the two lower classes lived out in the town, and York Street was also unhappily one of the important crosstown thoroughfares, supporting a well patronized street-car line—so that what the press referred to as "shameful disturbances" and "unprecedented outbursts of violence" were not entirely unknown in that section of town.

"A young riot" the Freshmen were liable to call them—and at the very time that Curly and Angel were arguing about Whitney Avenue one of these young riots was churning itself up—quite a lusty one of its kind!

The trouble began over an Italian wedding. All disturbances on York Street began over

Italian weddings! There were very many Italians in town, and they were constantly getting married—and it was their good pleasure on such occasions to drive in state in open hacks through York Street, bound for some hall of festivity located nearby. This driving in open hacks through York Street seems to have been a tradition among the Italians—and just as surely it was a tradition among the Freshmen to impede their progress!

A clarion call of Fire! from down the street would herald the approach of the procession, and by the time the hacks had reached the danger zone between Pierson Hall and Garland's rooming house, the whole Freshman class, not otherwise engaged, would be at its windows, swelling the chorus:

"Fi—*er*—fi—*er!*"

Those otherwise engaged would join the former in a few moments, touching off alarm clocks and generally injecting an element of rabid publicity into the proceedings.

On this particular occasion it chanced to be a very swell wedding, with a great many hacks, and the Freshmen had more time than usual

in which to work themselves up into their stride. The din, reinforced by a claxon in an open window in Garland's, endured long after the last hack had disappeared from sight in a haze of Latin invective. So much so in fact that Jimmy, thoroughly versed in the ways of Freshmen, hitched up his pants and came running up from Elm Street to see what was going on.

In consequence of which he witnessed a series of incidents which caused him no little merriment and at the same time considerable anxiety. The policeman on duty at the corner of Elm and York Streets, disapproving of this continued uproar, had sauntered majestically down towards Pierson Hall, in front of whose portals he was now standing, swinging his club and trying to locate the offending claxon across the street.

Jimmy, stationed on the opposite curb, brought forth his most angelic expression and prepared himself for the impending disaster—for in a window on the second floor of Pierson, directly above the unsuspecting bluecoat, Jimmy had caught sight of At Corliss.

Originally, no doubt, this engaging youth had come to college to listen to the Battell Chapel chime like his brothers—but at this particular moment young Corliss was not listening to chimes of any sort. Instead he was quite obviously preparing to empty the contents of a basin of water on the head of the myrmidon below—and Jimmy was eagerly awaiting the catastrophe, when suddenly someone on the floor above fired off a revolver.

The policeman whirled around, head up in the air, to search for this new offender, and in the same second of time At put his own blond head out of the window and emptied the basin full in his face!

Oh murder, thought Jimmy, what rotten luck! A beautiful shot aimed at so worthy an object, and then just at the same moment some poor boob had to fire a revolver so that the cop turned around and caught At in the act!

"Blurb—blurb—splutter!" exclaimed the policeman, and "Yah!" shrieked Jimmy, while the class roared its approval of this feat. Young Mr. Corliss had meanwhile prudently

removed himself from the window—but there was no doubt about the policeman having seen him.

"I'll get you—you young devil!" he roared, and made for the corner amid jeers from the Freshmen.

"Go dry your ears!" they advised him. This was all too utterly tremendous—but Jimmy scented trouble.

There was a police call box on that corner.

"Cheese it—the cops—cheese it!" he tried to make himself heard above the din, but his voice was drowned in a tumult which was now causing upper classmen to raise their heads from their books over in Campus dormitories —and Jimmy's fears were well grounded. The enemy had sent for reserves.

Not many moments passed before a patrol wagon clanged its way into York Street and began disgorging multitudinous policemen—slews of cops, as Jimmy said to himself. Very angry cops—very large cops.

They milled around for a time in front of Pierson, while the Freshmen, leaning precariously over window sills, commented loudly on

the more salient deficiencies of their personal appearance, and advised them not to start anything they could not finish. And then, oh folly of youth, two large water-bags descended disastrously, plop-plop, into their midst from the upper regions.

"Yah!" Jimmy screamed again, but all the same this was growing serious. The policemen were so terribly wet! And policemen, like hens, get very angry when they are wet!

The Freshmen across the street were singing—"There'll be a *wet* time in the old town to-night!" and crowds of citizenry were invading the roadway so that already the street cars had stopped running on York Street. This was going to end badly. At all events, it was beginning very badly, for on the heels of this last assault the policemen charged the portals of Pierson Hall. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on the point of view, someone had thought to close the heavy inner doors and this first attack was repulsed. The din outside could not possibly have increased, but a new note was creeping into the uproar.

"Keep the cops *out!* Keep the cops *out!*"

they were chanting, and lights were going out all over the Freshman rooming houses on both sides of the street. The roadway behind the policemen was rapidly filling with a restless mob—Freshmen girt for the fray—while a perfect cataract of water poured down from the front windows of Pierson.

And then suddenly the policemen really got very angry—which is not in the least surprising—and clubs began to swing somewhat indiscriminately, perhaps—an axe made its appearance from some place, and the invaders proceeded to batter down the front door. Their task was not simplified or their tempers improved by the stream from a fire hose which greeted them at point-blank range when the door began to give way!

But an entrance was forced finally, followed by an irruption of dripping policemen into the dark hallways of Pierson—themselves followed by the remainder of the Freshman class in a far from festive mood. Somewhere in the building were the "water bugs," and chief among them At Corliss, and these the police proposed to "get," oblivious of such trifling

matters as the broken-in doorway of a private residence and the total absence of a search warrant—and likewise the Freshmen proposed to prevent them from achieving their purpose, equally oblivious of such details as a fire hose turned against the officers of the law—and a very pleasant time would undoubtedly be had by all in those black passageways!

Jimmy wormed his way out of the crowd and took to his heels in the direction of the Campus, and as he tore along he passed scores of upper classmen running towards York Street attracted by the unusual commotion. There was just one person who could save the situation, thought Jimmy, and straight across the Campus he sped, into Vanderbilt Court, and up half a flight to Curly's room. The others had gone, but Curly and Angel were both in, and Jimmy danced up and down in the middle of the floor while he gasped out his news.

". . . the cops are in Pierson," he squealed. "An' there's water everywhere—an' some guy fired a gun—an' the cop caught At throwin' water—an' they turned the hose on 'em—an'

there's goin' to be hell to pay—there sure is, Mr. Corliss!"

"Good-night!" exclaimed Curly, throwing aside his book. "Those darn fool Freshmen! Come on Benson, guess we'll have to go and see what's being pulled off!"

"Yes," grinned Angel. "And bail out your precious brother!"

"Oh, to hell with him!" said Curly. "What I'm afraid of is they'll be murdering each other in there. . . ."

They started off for York Street, Curly and Angel and Jimmy, and several other Seniors—for the news of the ruction was spreading as only such news can in a college community—and eventually they managed to push their way through the crowd and into the building.

Except for the noise outside, the dormitory was now ominously quiet, and the lights had been turned on again—but little rivers of water cascading down the stairs told a tale of hotly, or coldly, contested advance on the part of the constabulary. The passageways and stairs were packed with people, all upper classmen mostly, and from them Curly gath-

ered that the police and the Freshmen were all on the top floor—and Heaven only knew what was going on! Curly made a way for himself and went on up, accompanied by Angel and the other Seniors, and of course by Jimmy.

"Clear out of here!" was Curly's order to everyone. "All but Seniors get out in the street. You aren't doing any good here." And Jimmy thrilled at the way his commands were very largely obeyed. Gee whiz, it was only natural—Mr. Corliss was a "big man."

Well, up on the top floor there was an extraordinary scene. To begin with everyone was very wet, and the walls and ceiling were dripping with water. Most of the Freshman class were gathered in the passage and in the rooms opening on it and the police were all grouped together at the top of the stairs facing them. A parley seemed to be in progress, for as Curly pushed his way onto the landing they heard At's voice.

". . . I've told you I threw the first water," he was saying. "And I'm ready to give myself up. But I won't do it until every cop has

cleared out of this building. No one would have turned the hose on you if you hadn't forced your way in. You haven't any business in here without a warrant—and if you don't get out—you'll be thrown out. . . ."

This hardly seemed to satisfy the police whose contention it was that At and most of the Freshman class should accompany them forthwith, "or else there'd be trouble!"—but before any definite steps could be taken either way, or any more water spilled, Curly was in control of the situation.

"Just a moment!" his voice rang out. "Guess you all know me—I'm Edward Corliss of the Senior class. This performance has got to stop right now. You've piled up enough trouble for yourselves already to last for the rest of the year. I don't want to hear another sound from any Freshman in this building!"

Then he turned to the police.

"As for you," he said, and his tone did not change. "You can explain to the proper authorities how you happen to be in this building after breaking down the front door. I'll

make myself responsible for these boys—my advice to you now is clear out—and clear out quick!"

But even then it might have ended badly if it had not been for Jimmy. Gosh sakes, he thought to himself, what were these birds waiting for? Hadn't they heard Curly, and didn't they know that when Mr. Corliss gave an order people did as he said right away without any further bickering? Well, gee whiz. . . .

"Say, whatsamatter with you guys?" he piped up from the rear of the crowd where he was wedged in a doorway—but the chances are he would have done it just the same had he been out in front where the cops could see him, for was not the authority of Mr. Corliss at stake? "Didn't ya hear him tell ya to clear out? That's Captain Corliss, an' take it from me, what he says *goes* in this burgh! You got a helluva nerve stickin' around after he told ya to beat it!"

Then the Freshmen laughed, and the Seniors laughed, and the policemen laughed, and everybody laughed—and what might have

been a real riot remained merely a young one.

As the policemen filed out of the building Jimmy stuck his head out of a front window and shrilled "Cheese it, the cops!" and everybody in the street laughed—then the citizenry went home, and the upper classmen strolled Campus-wards arm in arm, while the Freshmen took stock of themselves and prepared for their inevitable encounter with the Dean.

They seemed to have broken an extraordinary number of college regulations, to say nothing of city ordinances, in a comparatively short space of time—and all on account of an Italian wedding, which did not seem such a particularly valid excuse in retrospect!

Peace descended on York Street, and Mr. At Corliss had an opportunity once more to listen to the Battell Chapel chime, which had of course been ringing unconcernedly away throughout the tumult.

One Freshman riot more or less—huh! Ding-dang-dong!

CHAPTER IV

MYSTERIES

JIMMY went over to Curly's room one evening, shortly after the riot, to pass the time of day and play with Champ—and the room was dark and all three inmates absent. A dying fire simmered in the grate, casting long shadows on the walls from chairs and table—few lighted windows in Vanderbilt showed the owner at home—the Court was black and silent.

Of course. It was Tuesday night, and they were all at their fraternity houses. How stupid of him not to have remembered. Tuesday night, and Thursday night, and Saturday night—on those evenings certain Seniors were never to be found at home, because of their society meetings. To-night, if he had only stopped to look on the way over, he would have seen the big diamond-shaped window at

the back of the game room in Deke ablaze with light, the painted shield sharply outlined—and of course Angel and Champ and Curly were in there.

Jimmy curled himself up in the Morris chair and gazed at the fire. Curly was over there in Deke—and gosh, he would not have been there at all if it had not been for Jimmy! No sir. Nothing had ever been said about it between them, but Jimmy knew how he had saved the day for Curly that time two years ago. At all events Jimmy himself was convinced of it—and Curly had never said anything to disprove it. Of course Jimmy had never told anyone about it—not even Miss Jane Dixwell—because, well, because there were certain things which one did not speak about, that was all.

Jimmy settled himself deeper in the chair and looked smilingly at the glowing embers. Gee wheezer, that had all been in the days of the mysteries.

There were always periods in the college year when to Jimmy's mind the undergraduate atmosphere seemed surcharged with mystery.

This state of affairs made itself more particularly manifest among Juniors and Sophomores, very slightly with Seniors, and not at all in the case of Freshmen. And while his chosen friends in the two middle classes were wont to discuss any matter of collegiate interest with him this apparently was one subject which was not for his ears.

Jimmy knew of course in a general way what it was all about. It centered around elections from the Sophomore class to the Junior fraternities—those strange-looking buildings scattered around the town with hardly any windows in them, and whose entrances were guarded by heavy doors, sometimes of iron—like the one on York Street—which clanged forbiddingly in the night.

You could stand outside and watch people going in and out but even when the door was wide open you could not see anything. Either the hallways were pitch black, or there were other doors again inside which never opened to the light of day. This was all extremely fascinating to Jimmy, although he found it difficult to imagine what might go on behind

those ivy-covered walls. Strange mysteries no doubt, and blood-curdling rites—for there were times when lugubrious chantings could be heard even through the bolted doors, and sounds of tramping and pounding to the accompaniment of weird cries.

Aside from these manifestations of life in the interior, there were occasions when the inmates of these houses went abroad, and these were truly great mysteries, well worth watching for!

There was a night for instance, called Calcium Light Night, when on the stroke of an evening hour from the chapel clock the five fraternities marched on to the Campus from different entrances, each singing its marching song. They went two by two in long columns winding in and out along the stone flagged walks, and behind each fraternity, its beams shining on the men in front, was borne a blinding calcium projector.

The men were dressed in hoods and gowns, like monks—green and white, red, purple, and black—with big white symbols on their backs on black patches, and each man carried a

lantern whose glass was stained the color of his cowl. It was an extraordinary sight under the Campus elms, and the songs all jumbled up together, echoing back and forth under the arches, set you tingling.

"A band of brothers—Thank the Lord that *you* have escaped Psi *U*—In praise of Zeta Psi —Here we are again, slap *bang*—We *come*, we *come*, we *come* with a shout and song—And again, we'll sing thy praises Psi *U*, Psi *U*—"

Jimmy thought the ones in red had the best marching song, it went with a lilt that made him want to dance—but always before leaving the Campus the Green ones formed a ring in front of the chapel, in the Pass of Thermopylæ, and sang a lovely, slow, solemn chant which he enjoyed very much too.

And that was not all. Jimmy could remember a certain night when a special edition of the newspaper having kept him up until a very late hour, he had suddenly run into three gowned and hooded figures on the corner of Elm and College Streets—Green ones. Jimmy had followed them on to the Campus where they turned into a dormitory entry, and a

little later he saw the flashing of an electric torch in a top-floor room. Jimmy had been so impressed by this performance that he nearly ran into three others as he was leaving the Campus—Red ones, this time—and gee whiz, over there in the Oval were some White ones!

There had been some mystery afoot—but guarded enquiries the next morning had brought no results. No one seemed to know what he was talking about, and he was advised to "go on, beat it!" by some of his best friends!

Jimmy stirred in his chair before the fire and grinned broadly to himself. Yes, those had been deep mysteries, but not a patch on what had followed. Gee whillikens. . . .

For when Curly and Angel were Sophomores Jimmy had determined to get at the root of these perplexing matters. Already in those days Mr. Benson and Mr. Corliss were "big men" in their class, and it had occurred to him that by observing them he might arrive at a solution of all these mysterious proceedings—for of course it was certain that they would receive an election to one of the fraternities and become involved in these doings.

So when the mysterious period came around that year Jimmy took to haunting Crown Street and the approaches to the "Hutch" in the evenings. Mr. Corliss and Mr. Benson lived in one of the front rooms on the ground floor of the Sophomore dormitory, and Jimmy could see right into the room from the sidewalk —but for several days nothing in particular seemed to happen.

Jimmy did notice that the Sophomores all stayed at home during the early evening hours, and the "Hutch" was a blaze of lights from top to bottom, showing where room after room was in use. This was true too of all the other Sophomore rooming houses scattered up and down the street. Also the place was swarming with little groups of Juniors who seemed to be studiously avoiding each other, and who spent their time wandering from house to house and from room to room.

Many of these groups went into Mr. Corliss's room, but Jimmy did not see that they did anything special in there. They just sat around in a rather embarrassed way it seemed to him, and helped themselves to cigarettes—

and just talked. There was apparently nothing to it.

Of course at that time—he smiled when he thought of it now—Jimmy had no means of appreciating the underlying complications of Junior Calling—the process whereby on certain evenings the Junior members of the fraternities made themselves acquainted with possible material for elections in the class below them by calling on them in their rooms, and sizing them up under cover of general conversation—a conversation which turned usually on the chances of the football team!

It is a question who were the more embarrassed at these social functions, the Juniors or the Sophomores—probably the Juniors!

After the Juniors had retired for the evening then the "Hutch" began to buzz like a hive—as Sparrow said, "When is a hutch not a hutch—when it's a hive!"—and Jimmy could see that notes were being compared, and rumors weighed. But the snatches of talk which he overheard were not in the least explanatory.

"So and so hasn't got the ghost of a chance, not first ten. . . ."

"Such and Such is a dead certainty for Zete. . . ."

"Psi U is after Sparrow Scott hot and heavy. . . ."

"Will Curly wait for Deke if they aren't there when the gun goes off. . . ."

And every other minute someone saying "Hey there—wait a second—let me see your dope sheet."

Guns, dope sheets, what was it all about?

Finally one evening these proceedings all came to a head, and the street in front of the "Hutch" was packed with a swarming mob. But it was different from similar mobs on other occasions. Jimmy felt that they were all seriously concerned over something—there were intense rivalries here under the surface, and the crowd was all split up in groups, not so much physically, as mentally. There were Seniors in the crowd, too, and many Juniors wearing derbies and looking terribly important.

Inside the "Hutch" the lights were on in every room, but a great silence seemed to fill the place, and the throng outside was very

subdued. Whispered conclaves were going on in every corner, and a great handling of lists, and only the Seniors seemed approximately unconcerned. It was evident that they had just come down "to look it over," after the manner of Seniors.

Jimmy went over to the wood closet and put another log on the fire. Gosh, what a time that had been. . . .

He had climbed up on a fence across the street where he could look into Mr. Corliss's room, and something extraordinary seemed to be going on in there all right.

Mr. Corliss and Mr. Benson were sitting in their Morris chairs before the fireplace reading —although they seemed to be turning the pages over very fast, and they both looked at the clock a good deal. The room behind them was packed with people, mostly Seniors, three and four rows deep, standing on tables and chairs, and even on one of the beds which had been pulled out from the rear room. Here and there a Senior seemed to be laughing and kidding somebody in the crowd, but otherwise all these people were standing there in stony

silence, staring at the two owners of the room. The only person who seemed at all at his ease was Champ, who was ferreting about, sniffing at people's boots.

Well, what on earth was all this, thought Jimmy. Then, in the open doorway, he saw two men standing, Juniors wearing derbies, who ignored each other's presence completely and spent their time also staring at the occupants of the two Morris chairs. In the crowd outside the word was circulating that Psi U had won the toss, whatever that might portend.

Then suddenly a tremendous number of things happened all at once. The town clock began to sound the hour, and on the first stroke somebody in the crowd fired off a revolver. Jimmy knew now that it was the captain of the football team—Curly had done it this fall—and that the shot was the signal for giving out the "hold offs," in consequence of which the ceremony was popularly known as Cannon Night.

But just then Jimmy had not time even to wonder what it was. From inside the "Hutch"

came a noise of cheering, and a man stuck his head out from a top-story window.

"Sparrow Scott, Psi U!" he bellowed. "Baxter throws down Deke, gone Alpha Delt!" and a tremendous cheer went up from the crowd outside.

Juniors were hurtling down the front steps of the "Hutch" and back in again, and the conclaves became suddenly too animated to be whispered. Each group was too much engrossed with its own affairs to pay attention to anything else, and bystanders found themselves ruthlessly shoved out of the way by members of Campaign Committees making a path for themselves through the throng.

But Jimmy had seen very little of all this. He heard the cheering and the shouting, and was conscious of intense activity around him, but his whole attention was centered on Mr. Corliss's room.

"Bang. . . ."

As the gun went off, one of the Juniors at the door sprang forward with his right hand outstretched, and in the breathless silence in the room Jimmy heard the other call out

"Wait, Corliss, wait. . . ." The first Junior stopped before Curly's chair, and Jimmy saw Curly shake his head.

A great cheer went up from most of the spectators in the room, and Angel must have done the same—for the next thing Jimmy knew the other Junior was shaking hands with Curly and Angel and everybody was slapping them on the back—while someone at the window was announcing "Benson and Corliss throw down Psi U for Deke!"

Jimmy cheered with the rest and managed to squeeze up to Curly and Angel after they came out of the "Hutch" to go down to Mory's for their "hold off party" with the rest of their "crowd."

"Slick work, Mr. Corliss!" he said. "Gee, Mr. Benson, that's great. I was out here rootin' for ya!"

"You were, hey?" laughed Curly, and then they drifted off down the street arm in arm—and Jimmy noticed that for the first time since he had known them, Curly and Angel were in one group and Sparrow Scott in another. They had usually been together before.

Well, nothing further had taken place for quite some time, and then one Tuesday morning in mid-November, Jimmy had had a surprise. If he had only known it then, the night before the hooded and gowned figures had been going around from room to room giving out instructions as he had seen them doing that other time.

There were certain Juniors in the Oval whose good pleasure it was to have Jimmy bring them their morning newspapers in their rooms before they went to chapel. Jimmy was on his rounds that Tuesday morning, and had arrived at Mr. Drummond's room, when he was amazed to discover Curly standing before the door, consulting his watch. But he was even more surprised at his appearance.

Jimmy put his head back and laughed out loud at the recollection of that ludicrous picture—gee whiz, and all so solemn and fussed Curly had been too. . . .

Mr. Corliss had been dressed that morning in a pair of check trousers which cried out loud to their maker, and in the new football

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sweater which he had won in the Princeton game the Saturday before—only the University letter appeared on the back of it as well as on the front. On his head he wore what could only be described as a silly little hat. There was a red ribbon on his sweater, and in his hand he held a red carnation.

"Gee whiz, Mr. Corliss!" exclaimed Jimmy. "You sure look slick! Whatcha tryin' to pull off?"

Mr. Corliss was not over-communicative, but it seemed that "running week" had begun and that he was "running" for Benny Drummond to whom it was his duty to present this flower, and at whose behest he was wearing these "darn fool clothes." Jimmy decided that here was an opportunity he must not miss, and went in after Curly.

Curly stopped at the bedroom door, and took off his hat.

"Good morning, Mr. Drummond!" he exclaimed.

"Ah, Candidate, good morning!" replied that worthy. "And who may you be?"

"I'm the cuckoo that lives in the clock!"

Curly announced solemnly. "It's time to get up—cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo."

"What the . . .?" thought Jimmy, but Mr. Drummond only laughed.

"All right, shut up Candidate," he said drowsily. "Wake me up then."

Curly hesitated a moment and got very red in the face. Then he addressed Mr. Drummond in the following terms.

"All right, you big lousy bum—get out of bed before I pull you out!"

He woke Mr. Drummond up all right!

"What the hell do you mean by talking to me like that, Candidate?" he exclaimed. "Who told you to say that?"

"Billy Sayre," replied Curly.

"Who?" asked Benny ominously.

"*Mister* Sayre, *sir!*" Curly corrected himself. Billy Sayre was Benny's roommate.

"Well, Candidate, you go into Mr. Sayre's room," commanded Benny. "And pull *him* out of bed—hurry up Candidate!"

Curly did as ordered and a sound of tumult proceeded from the other bedroom, in the midst of which could be heard Billy Sayre's

laughing voice shouting "Candidate! I'll beat the living tar out of you for this!"

Jimmy had been considerably alarmed, but nothing came of the threat. Instead, Sayre went off to the shower baths and Benny dismissed Curly with instructions to report to him again at ten-thirty.

"Wait for me outside Osborn," he told him. "And when I come out I want you to walk ahead of me and say 'I am Mr. Drummond's cuckoo—make way for my good, kind, and benevolent master, Mr. Benjamin Drummond,' see? Wipe off that smile, Candidate, wipe it off——"

Curly complied and made his escape. Gee whiz, thought Jimmy, this was a circus. He did not quite get the point of it all, but apparently the Sophomores had been assigned to Juniors in the fraternities to which they were "candidates," whose smallest command they must obey for a week. Gosh, this would bear watching!

And as Jimmy had suspected it had indeed turned out to be a highly entertaining week. Golly, how funny some of it had been.

Wherever he went he came across candidates tipping their hats to upper classmen and offering them cigarettes—and making ridiculous spectacles of themselves in a rigidly solemn manner, for candidates were not allowed to show evidences of a sense of humor.

"Wipe off that smile, Candidate!" was a constant cry.

Many of them were wearing idiotic clothes, but none quite as conspicuous as Mr. Corliss's —although Mr. Benson's high hat made of straw came a close second.

Of course Jimmy missed most of the features of running week which took place indoors. Such as Curly's speech between the acts at the Hyperion Theater when he informed a vastly amused audience that he was the cuckoo and all the rest of it. And Dandy Baxter's performance in the dining-room of the hotel where in the middle of the crowded meal hour the night before the Harvard game he delivered a silent address with gestures, and then made love to a pitcher of ice water on a table occupied by a large party of Seniors and their girls.

"Couldn't you find something better than the pitcher?" one of them had asked him—and he took her to the Prom the next year, because it was Miss Jane Dixwell.

But on the other hand Jimmy had managed to be present at almost every "stunt" that went on in the Oval or on the Campus, and laughed his head off with the rest of the world at the sight of Angel pretending he was the Italian organ grinder's monkey—to Champ's utter disgust—and at the famous imitation of Isadora Duncan given by Sparrow Scott, dressed in very little else besides a pair of sheets.

This last stunt had originated at a "round-up" of candidates in somebody's room one evening, but it had been so good that they had made him do it over again forthwith in the Oval for the benefit of the entire college. It had been a perfect triumph for Sparrow, but he began to wish he had not thought of it when his Junior threatened to take him on a tour of the town, and proposed that he should repeat his performance on the Green!

Fortunately, it happened very late in run-

ning week, and Sparrow spent a great deal of the remaining time hiding in out-of-the-way places—which resulted in the creation of a fascinating little game for the other Psi U candidates, resembling an exalted obstacle race and played all over the Campus, known as "looking for Candidate Scott." For all of which Sparrow got himself unmercifully "paddled," but at least the other indignity was avoided.

But the merry week came to an end at last, and with the following Tuesday the atmosphere of intense mystery had descended once again upon the college. On that evening the initiations were to take place, and Jimmy was all agog with excitement. He decided to keep a close watch on Mr. Corliss and find out as far as possible what happened to him.

In consequence of which Jimmy was not far distant that evening when Curly appeared emerging from Benny Drummond's entry in the Oval. He started down Elm and turned up College Street with Jimmy trailing along after him at a safe distance. Curly went on out to Hillhouse Avenue and stopped on the

railway bridge, and Jimmy stayed behind a convenient tree to await developments.

But except for the occasional passing of candidates into the Alpha Delta Phi house across the street, nothing happened at all for the longest time. Jimmy did notice that many of the upper classmen going by stopped to speak to Curly and tried to get him to reply to their questions, but Curly remained impassively silent. Not a word would he say to anyone. When they asked him the time he simply pulled out his watch—and when they complained that it was too dark to see he lit matches for them.

This struck Jimmy as a curious proceeding —and what was Mr. Corliss doing over here anyway, blocks and blocks from his own fraternity house to be? Could it be possible that he had mistaken the house! Jimmy decided to set him straight on that point anyway—gee whiz, the others were probably looking for him all over the place!

"Say, Mr. Corliss," Jimmy addressed him in a loud whisper. "Whatcha doin' here? This ain't the Deke house. . . ."

No answer.

"Mr. Corliss," Jimmy insisted. "You're in the wrong place, I tell ya—they'll be lookin' all over for ya—well, gee whiz, ain't ya goin' to answer me?"

Still no answer, and Jimmy retired again behind his tree, somewhat disconcerted. Gosh all hemlock, Mr. Corliss seemed to have an awful grouch on or something! And of course even now, in their Senior Year, Jimmy was entirely unaware of the order which prevents candidates from speaking to anyone on the evening they are being initiated—or of the custom which "plants" candidates all over town on that occasion to await the good pleasure of their Juniors.

He waited there an hour or more, watching Curly tramping up and down, and Jimmy was becoming more and more perturbed over the possibility of their having lost Curly, or forgotten him entirely, when suddenly two Juniors appeared on the scene walking rapidly towards Curly. They were Benny Drummond and Billy Sayre, and they were looking extraordinarily solemn. Jimmy edged a little

nearer and watched what went on with breathless interest.

"Well, Candidate," said Benny. "Are you cold?—all right, you can answer me——"

"No, sir!" replied Curly and Billy Sayre laughed ominously.

"Well, if you are, Candidate," he remarked, "you'll be warm enough in a little while!"

"All right," said Benny. "Give me your watch, Candidate, and your money—I guess he'd better give us anything he has on him that might get broken, don't you think?" he added, turning to Sayre.

"Yes," replied the latter. "Keys, Candidate, or anything like that in your pockets which might cause you injury——"

Gosh, Jimmy had thought, as he watched the transfer of Curly's personal belongings—these were preparations for slaughter!

Meanwhile Sayre was fastening a towel around Curly's forehead which entirely blindfolded him, and just left the tip of his nose showing—while Benny was admonishing Billy to be sure and "leave it good and thick so as to protect his head as much as possible!"

"As much as possible!" Jimmy remembered how frightened he had been at these hints of physical danger—but something much worse than that had happened afterwards.

When Curly was all ready to their satisfaction they spun him around several times, and then they started off down Hillhouse Avenue towards the college, walking very fast with Curly between them, each one holding on to an arm.

"Step up, Candidate!" they kept telling him when they came to the curb, and even in the midst of his growing alarm over Curly, Jimmy had to snicker at the exaggerated caution which he displayed each time. Finally up on Elm Street they let go of Curly and made him walk alone in front. To hear them talk you might have thought they were out in a trackless waste of heath full of pitfalls instead of on a smooth pavement.

"*Look* out, Candidate!" they kept shouting at him. "You're running into a fence!" and Curly would make desperate efforts to climb over the non-existent obstacle, to the intense though silent amusement of his escort.

But after a while Curly showed signs of realizing his whereabouts, and paid less attention to their admonitions—so they seized him by the arms again and marched him around the corner to the house on York Street, where they disappeared down the cellar trap door amid loud cries of "Duck your head, Candidate, duck your head!"

Gee whiz, they had him in there now, and the terrible rites would begin. Jimmy sat down on the curb on the opposite side of the street to watch—and listen. Nothing happened for a while, and then suddenly, one by one, each with a towel around his head, the candidates began to emerge from the cellar door, being herded towards the front steps.

Here each one knelt down, and sundry "paddlings" were administered to him while a Junior rapped on the iron door and conversed mysteriously with those inside. Then each candidate was shoved through the half-opened door—and gee whillikens, the most blood-curdling racket arose—shouts and roars and poundings—they must certainly be murdering them in there!

Right now before the fire, in the quiet room, the shivers ran up Jimmy's spine as he thought of that moment.

After the last candidate had gone in, there was a sound of tramping feet and the strains of a marching song—and then a long period of silence. This had been more nerve-racking if anything than the tumult which had preceded it—and Jimmy's imagination ran riot over the mysteries which were doubtless at that moment being performed.

And then the terrible thing had happened. Over there to-night, up in the game room, was Curly remembering too? . . .

Jimmy had waited for a long time, hoping that something else would happen, but the tomblike silence prevailed and he had regretfully decided to retire—when suddenly the front door opened and some people appeared on the top step under the arch. They were dressed in their red cowls—and in their midst stood Curly, in plain clothes and without the towel.

"What's all this?" said Jimmy to himself, and ventured across the street to find out what was going on.

"All right, Corliss," he heard someone say. "Here's your watch and your money——"

And before Jimmy's astounded eyes Curly ran down the steps and started off down York Street, while the iron door clanged pitilessly behind them. Holy mackerel, thought Jimmy —they were sending him away—they must be kicking Mr. Corliss out! He ran breathlessly after Curly and pulled at his sleeve.

"Gee whiz, Mr. Corliss," he exclaimed. "What goes on? They ain't kickin' you *out!* Aw gee, I told ya you'd get in bad for goin' over to the wrong house!"

Curly replied nothing at all, and went on towards Library Street—and gee whiz, Jimmy said to himself, this would never do! They would probably kill him, but he must attempt something to save Curly.

Jimmy raced back to the house, and resolutely putting aside the terrible dangers confronting him, flung himself up the steps and under the shadowy portal, and pounded with his fists on the iron door.

Benny Drummond standing just inside and hearing this sudden noise came to the con-

clusion that a graduate who had lost his key was trying to get in, and opened the door a little way to see who it was. There were several others standing around at the moment, and Jimmy's state of terror was nothing compared to the amazement on their faces when the little towheaded shaver came squirming through the opening!

"What the merry hell—" began Benny, and the lights went out.

Jimmy was terrified. He had caught a glimpse of red-robed figures reaching out for him—it would probably be death—but he collected all the breath in his little body and let out a despairing appeal:

"Please take him back," he implored. "He didn't mean to do nothin' wrong—aw gee, have a heart you big bunch of stiffs—don't throw out Mr. Corliss——"

Whatever their intentions regarding Mr. Corliss, there was no doubt about their throwing out Master Jimmy! Before he could take another breath strong hands had seized him—and Jimmy came to more or less on his ear out on the sidewalk! Well, he had done his best,

and he was still alive—although the concentrated terror of those few moments still had him shaking like a leaf!

It had been useless of course—Hold on, what was this? The door had opened again, and there was Mr. Drummond without his robe running down York Street, calling out, "Oh, Corliss!" Jimmy could hardly believe his senses—he had not dared hope really—but there sure enough was Benny coming back with Curly, and they were both laughing.

"I told 'em, Mr. Corliss!" Jimmy screamed as Curly went up the steps. "I told 'em not to do it—gee, I'm glad!"

Well, well, well——

Jimmy started from his chair at the sound of Curly's returning footsteps in the hallway.

"Hello, Jimmy boy!" Curly greeted him. "What you doing?"

"I was just thinkin'," Jimmy told him. "About that time in Sophomore Year—you know, Mr. Corliss—over on York Street with Mr. Drummond . . ."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Curly, with a quizzi-

cal smile. "Yes indeed—you did me a good turn that night!"

Jimmy smiled to himself as he skipped out into the Court. Sure Mike—Mr. Corliss had not forgotten—but of course those had been deep mysteries, and one could not talk about them. . . .

CHAPTER V

THE FREESTONE PEACH

CAME "exams" and Christmas vacation—there were no "midyears" in those days—and then the Prom. And with it a girl who passed through the Senior Room at Mory's in a tailor-made suit and a little gray fur hat—and left a song behind her—with her initials, carved deeply inside the circle on the Senior Table.

Angel got in very bad with the others for bringing her to the Prom at all! Although judging from his past performances they might have known that something of the sort was liable to happen. For Angel was constantly getting himself involved in such affairs—at least two a year, really serious ones, that is!

There had been that desperate time for instance in Freshman Year when Angel had met Mary Ellsworth at Rosemary—which lasted until he was introduced to Dorothy

Blair up at Farmington. Then in Sophomore Year there were Mildred Anson and Helen Knapp, down at the Finch School—a situation resulting in endless vicissitudes, since these two young ladies apparently made a practice of comparing notes on their cavalier!

Later on that year, after a house party at Sparrow Scott's during the Easter vacation, Angel came back to college singing the praises of beautiful Betty Morrow from Scranton—and covered himself with ignominious glory at the Princeton Track Meet by walking up to Miss Helen Knapp in the crowd and calling her Mildred! Which was not complimentary to Miss Knapp, but then neither was it to Miss Anson!

"Sort of poor!" he confided afterwards to Curly. "Forgotten all about both of them—but you never know who you're liable to run into in a crowd like that!"

Then in Junior Year came the episode of Mary Sue Stillman, the girl from Chattanooga. She was one of Angel's discoveries on the Glee Club Christmas Trip—and her large thick handwriting filled their mail box until Curly

threatened to get one of his own. "Mary Sue Hancock" he called her, and swore that she began her letters to Angel "Honey boy Gerald," which was a base untruth if there ever was one!

She came with Angel to the Deke cotillion at Delmonico's in New York, after what used to be called in those days the Crew Concert at the Waldorf.

"Oh boy!" exclaimed Sparrow when he saw her at the dance. He had no business there at all, being a Psi U, but he made it a point always to visit all the fraternity dances on that evening, and had just "crashed over," as he expressed it, from his own party at Sherry's. "She can put her gloves in my coat pocket any time she likes," he announced. "Why didn't I meet her in Chattanooga?"

"You didn't meet her in Chattanooga," explained Ham Leonard, "because you went sound asleep in the smoking room before the dance began, you poor boob!"

"I should have been called," said Sparrow ruefully. "Have I no friends?" and he betook himself off to the Saint Regis to "look

over the Alpha Delta Phi dance and try and slip one over on Baxter."

"But I will return," he announced from the coat-room.

He did not return in time however. For after supper was over and they had marched around the ballroom in their red gowns and cowls with Angel leading the Marching Song—Miss Mary Sue Stillman disappeared.

Well, no, she did not disappear in the vanishing sense, but she departed for the Psi U dance —"just a second, Gerald dear, you don't mind do you?"—on the arm of a Senior who loomed up in the doorway in the capacity of her fiancé!

Curly could never quite decide which was the angrier—Angel at her desertion, or Sparrow when he finally returned from his peregrinations and found that she had been at his own party all that time.

"Serves you right," said Ham. "If you weren't always horning in on other peoples' parties you wouldn't get left!"

"Oh, I don't know," put in Angel. "Look at that Senior of hers. He horned in on my

party all right, but *I* got left! Rank duplicity I call it. He can darn well see her home, now, too! I'm through. I'll never look at another girl again. . . ."

"*Ta-tata*—ta-ta-*ta!*" chanted Curly, intoning the *Star Spangled Banner*. "It serves you right, Benson, if you want to know. It serves you right for that time in St. Louis you got stuck with that prune and danced around in front of the stags with a dollar bill in your hand behind her back!"

"Dollar bill nothing!" exclaimed Angel. "I had to raise it to five before Ham would do anything about it!"

"You're a bunch of bums!" said Curly—and Angel had a hard time preventing them from changing his nickname to "Goat."

This decision of Angel's never to look at a girl again lasted very successfully through the spring, until he found himself face to face with Elinor Thompson at the Princeton baseball game. Being face to face with her he could not very well do less than look at her, and having once looked at her he bought two bags of peanuts and settled down to enjoy

the thrills of that up and down game in her company.

Miss Thompson knew all about baseball, and asked no questions at all—unless her repeated "Oh, *why* don't they murder that umpire?" can be classified as a question—and the novelty of such a state of affairs seems to have impressed Angel. At all events he "fixed it up" to take her to the boat races at New London after Commencement, and cajoled Dandy into inviting them aboard his uncle's yacht for the event.

It was all very delightful, blue sky and fluttering bunting and mayonnaise salad, until the Varsity race. The Baxter yacht was anchored next to the *Corsair* near the finish line just above the bridge, and Angel had so foreseen matters that he and Miss Thompson were in an excellent position to observe Harvard swing across the line two and a half lengths ahead. A very depressing sight.

But not half as depressing as the sight of Miss Thompson screaming her head off for Harvard!

"Say, what's the big idea?" Angel asked

her reproachfully. "That's no way to act!"

"Oh, but I'm for Harvard!" Miss Thompson informed him sweetly. "Didn't you know? I'm *always* for Harvard!" and she turned away to scream some more at the crimson shell paddling up to its launch.

"They used to think that they could row, but that was years and years ago . . ." the Harvard observation train was singing, and Angel wished that he might choke Miss Elinor Thompson!

But when it came to the Prom, with the exception of Dandy, they had none of them "fussed" it before—as the process of taking a girl to the Junior Promenade, the annual dance given by the Junior class, is called. It had heretofore been their good pleasure to "stag" the Prom, thereby preserving a freedom of action which appeared to them highly desirable.

If you fussed it you were tied down more or less permanently to one girl—to say nothing of her chaperone—and you had to be on time to everything and stay to the bitter end, and

carry wraps and chase hacks—not to mention delinquent partners, usually to be found in the basement changing their collars.

Whereas if you went as a stag—oh, then you were a free lance, you had no domestic worries, and yours was the privilege to pick and select from all that "galaxy of youth and beauty," as the local newspapers called them, who annually invaded the Campus for the "great social event of the year."

And it was not just the Prom itself, but there were so many other functions connected with it, fraternity germans, class teas, private parties of all kinds, which if you were a stag you could sample and choose from—half an hour here, ten minutes there, depending on whom you happened to find at each place, without being definitely committed to any one of them.

This process of course might have had its disadvantages, for a mere stag has no particular standing, and is usually only welcomed as an opportunity for the rightful partner to go off and smoke a cigarette and take off his pumps. But Curly and Angel and the others

were not mere stags. In fact they were rather prominent young men in the community, and wore multitudinous gold charms on their watch chains.

Moreover they were all Hogans—leaving out Dandy—and possessed the art of singing innumerable songs, set to fantastic harmonies, in a manner which compelled the breathless attention of even a Sophomore Tea, and brought Prom girls discreetly to their windows in the hotel at the ungodly hour of four A.M. Other means of entrance to a party lacking, it was always perfectly safe for them to saunter by singing one of their involved creations—somewhere on the inside a girl would hear them!

So when Angel announced his intention of bringing a girl to the Prom this year his plan met with unanimous disapproval. They were sitting in Sparrow's room over in Connecticut Hall, feeding the gray squirrel on the window ledge.

"Good-night!" exclaimed Sparrow. "What do you want to do that for? You'll queer the whole party, you big boob!"

"Why shouldn't I fuss the Prom if I want to?" objected Angel. "I met a darn nice girl last Christmas and I asked her to the Prom, that's all!"

"No excuse at all," said Curly. "You're simply crabbing the whole game. Bad enough having Dandy all sewed up with this what's-her-name, Jane Dixwell!"

"Don't you say a word against Jane Dixwell," retorted Dandy. "You stick around at the Prom this year and you'll wish you'd met her!"

"Like a fish!" insisted Curly. "She's nothing in my life. I don't care if I never see her!" And Angel leaned over behind Curly's back to whisper in Dandy's ear — and they both smiled.

"Poor old elephant!" murmured Dandy.

"Well, I thought of course we were all going to crash around as usual," complained Ham. "Hell, if I'd known that, I'd have asked a girl myself!"

"Yes you would, old sourface!" laughed Angel. "You guys are all crazy with the heat. It isn't going to queer the party in the least.

She's a perfect pippin, this girl that's coming with me, and we'll buzz around everywhere just the same—we'll just take her along, that's all!"

"Hum—yes and no!" Sparrow remarked dubiously.

"Exactly," chimed in Curly. "Yes, in that we will—and no, in that we will not! You're just a poor slob, Benson!"

"Oh, forget it!" replied Angel to the world at large.

And there it was. Angel was going to fuss the Prom. Sparrow told them all about it after Angel had gone off for his afternoon exercise.

"Taking a little ecker," he called it, and during the slushy term it consisted of attiring himself in a pair of flannel trousers and a prep school jersey and trotting lugubriously around the cemetery and back—in much the same frame of mind as Lady Godiva's during her famous ride through Coventry.

It seemed that Angel had met this girl in Savannah on the Glee Club Trip that year. According to Sparrow she really was a good deal of a ball of fire.

"Doris Ramsdell," he informed them. "I didn't know he'd asked her to the Prom, but that's who it is all right. I must say she's a bear. She hung it all over Angel that night. They gave us a tea there in the afternoon and we met a whole lot of pippins—that's a good town you know, they always turn themselves inside out for us down there. Then we went to the concert and Angel spotted this girl down in the front row. She was there with a whole bunch of queens, whole front row was girls, and they just kidded the pants off us. Little bit of a stage, only about a foot off the floor, and we could hear everything they said. Gosh, that was a funny concert—remember Champ that night, Ham?"

Champ always went on the Glee Club Trip with his master, and ate cornflakes and cream with the best of them in the old Grassmere, the Club's private diner.

"Those birds on the Banjo Club got Champ there in the wings that night," Sparrow went on. "And when Angel came out to sing 'O where, O where is my little dog gone,' they heaved him out on the stage with a sign

around his neck, 'Here I am, Mr. Benson!' I thought the audience would pass away. Champ sat down right next to Angel on the stage and sort of grinned at everybody—you know the way he does—and Angel began to laugh, and the whole number went flooey!"

"I never laughed so much in my life," put in Ham. "Remember Harry Ordway pulling out those opera glasses he used on the Quartet and looking at Angel!"

"Well, you can imagine what that front row of girls did to us!" continued Sparrow. "This Ramsdell girl called to Champ, and I'm darned if the pup didn't go to her—and for the rest of the concert he sat there on her lap with that sign around his neck and barked every time anybody came on the stage."

"I should say he did," laughed Ham. "He put the Banjo Club numbers absolutely on the blink!"

"Well," said Sparrow. "Angel spent his time looking at her between numbers, and when the Quartet came on he went and stood right in front of her and sang 'Sweetest little Georgia Maiden' right at her. She sat there

and looked him straight in the eye without turning a hair, but he had her pretty well fussed before he got through just the same, and the audience were giving her the big laugh!"

"Sure," exclaimed Ham. "He got right down off the stage in front of her on the last line—you know, Curly, 'Georgia Maiden, Southern skies are bright because of you!'—and stuck in a couple of high notes, and Champ simply yawped!"

"Well," Sparrow began again. "Then we crashed over to the dance in the Armory—say, you birds ought to try that Artillery Punch of theirs—and of course our Mr. Benson made a beeline for his girl. She was waiting for him too—darned if she hadn't saved him four dances right off the reel, including supper!"

"Gosh, yes," laughed Ham. "You're darn shouting she had. Nobody else had a look in. You know they fall for Angel like a collapsible house anyway—but I guess he was handing her out a pretty good line all evening."

"Oh, he was," said Sparrow. "He had her going all right—but she hung it on him at

supper just the same. Weren't you there? Oh gosh!"

"Tell us . . ."

"A bunch of us had supper together and Angel was batting them out as fast as she could pick them up, telling her what a queen she was and all the rest of it, when all of a sudden, he made an awful bull and said how sorry he was he hadn't met her that afternoon —you know that line of Angel's, Ham——"

"Sure—" Ham put in. "About only being such a short time in each town on the trip and never meeting the best girl in the party until it was almost over—and all that bunk! It's a pretty good line, too."

"Yes, that's it," Sparrow nodded to him. "Well, she turned to him as solemn as an owl and said, 'Oh, but Mr. Benson, I remember meeting *you* this afternoon—why, the reception was at my house—you talked to me for quite a long time!' I thought Angel would explode, but he crawled out of it pretty well at that. 'Oh did I?' he said to her. 'Gosh, I guess I've been in sort of a daze ever since!' "

"He got away with it all right," said Ham.

"I don't think he danced with anyone else the rest of the evening, did he? He took her home after the party I know—and don't you remember we had to hold up the special the next morning because Mr. Benson was up in town saying good-by to his girl!"

"Sure I remember," laughed Sparrow. "You and Harry Ordway had the chariot race on the platform with the baggage trucks while we were waiting!"

"Sure . . ."

Well, in due course Prom Week came around and the lobby of the hotel was swarming with girls, and breathless young men wearing their roommate's best necktie. The air was filled with chatter.

"Say, Pete, have you seen Elsie anywhere?"

"Can't do it, Bill—got to go to the station to meet my girl. . . ."

"Come around to tea to-morrow over in Durfee, will you? . . ."

"If you see Rosey tell him to be sure and bring back my dress-suit. . . . "

This was all in the days when the Prom was still the Prom, and not just a big dance which

happened to be taking place in town. The College remained in session throughout and chapel and recitations went on just the same. People came up on Saturday and stayed until Wednesday, and the only concession made to the festivity by the College authorities was the canceling of chapel on the morning after the Prom itself.

But still, even on that morning recitations were held as usual, and it was quite the thing to go to a morning class in your dress-suit, after an early breakfast at the University Club. You went to sleep probably in your seat halfway through the lecture, but professors were kindly disposed as a rule. Many of them had been to the Prom themselves, and it was difficult to be magisterial with young men whom you had been entertaining in your box at the Armory a few hours before!

This blending of ordinary college routine with the Prom festivities made for an informality and simplicity which gave the proceedings their main charm—and many a Prom girl of that time has attended morning chapel and felt none the worse for it. It was worth while,

anyway, just to see the Seniors bowing the President out as he passed down the center aisle, thereby preserving what is perhaps one of the oldest college customs in America.

And of course if a Prom girl happened to be with a Senior, why then she would bow too—and Prom girls of that day cherished tradition and found pleasure in taking part in such intimate features of undergraduate life. There was a Prom girl once who went to a recitation in Osborn Hall—but no matter!

The Prom itself came on Tuesday night and was held in the Second Regiment Armory. Freshmen were not allowed on the floor—the darky barber of the Glee Club Trip sat in the middle of the balcony and hung out the numbers of the dances—and the Floor Manager's girl led the grand march and opened the Prom by waving her hand to the leader of the orchestra. And the dance immediately after supper was always the Second Regiment March, played by both the orchestra and the band, the two leaders facing each other across the ballroom floor.

Prom girls of that time, do you remember—

"Tata-ta-*ta* — tum — tee, *ta* — tat*ee*dledee *dum*. . . ."

Everybody danced that dance, girls with their partners, stags, chaperones, professors and their wives—and it always stands out as the climax of the Prom.

When the crew had won its race with Harvard the previous June they always hung the winning shell from the ceiling with the eight oars spread out—but at this Prom the results at New London had not made the shell available for this purpose—so they hung Curly's football from the ceiling instead, the one he had used in the Harvard game that fall.

Another great feature of the Prom of those days was the Glee Club concert on Monday night, immediately preceding the class germans. Not as an entertainment from the point of view of what took place on the stage, because in this respect the "Dramat" Play on Saturday was much more satisfactory, but from the point of view of what went on in the audience itself. For the concert was held in the Hyperion Theater—the Hyp—and to this one function of Prom week—so called because

it lasted four days and took a week to recover from—the Freshmen were admitted.

That is to say they admitted themselves by storming the doors at an early hour and tore up into the gallery, where by some extraordinary process the entire Freshman class managed to squeeze itself into the first three rows and more or less dangled its feet over the edge. Missiles of any sort, including paper streamers, were strictly forbidden by the management, acting in collusion with the Fire Department —which was probably the reason why, after the first Prom girl had gone to her seat down in the orchestra, the theater gave the appearance of a Mardi Gras on the Riviera!

From then on pandemonium prevailed. Prom girls in red opera cloaks fared badly!

"Take off that Harvard coat! Take off that Harvard coat!" roared the Freshmen until the offending color was out of sight.

Good-looking girls received ovations which set them blushing to the tips of their ears. And no hiding back in the box!

"Peach in the middle box, sit in front! Peach in the middle box, sit in *front!*" com-

manded the Freshmen in deafening unison, and broke into rapturous cheering when at last my lady complied.

And then for a while they would sing football songs and cheer their class banner slung on wires across the top of the stage, until a "peach in blue" or a "peach in white" would appear, and the tumult began again.

Of course the Glee Club came out and gave a concert of sorts, and the Glee Club manager always made a speech from the stage in which he told the Freshmen that they must "positively stop that noise during the numbers"—until they began to chant "get the hook, get the hook!" at him, and the evening's entertainment would go on to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

During the concert itself the Freshmen devoted a great deal of their attention to exchanging notes with the "queens" down below. This was accomplished by means of a pad and a pencil on a long string rigged on to a fishing pole! You picked your girl, wrote her a passionate appeal to "get rid of that poor slob of a Junior you're sitting with and come

on up here with us!"—and then you dangled it before her.

A favorite question was "Are you going to marry him?" to which the proper reply was of course "Not now that I've met you!" For the girl never failed to answer, and by the end of the evening souvenirs of all sorts were passing up and down the fishing-pole route!

Angel distinguished himself in Freshman Year by smuggling Champ into the gallery and letting him down in a net in front of a girl he had been corresponding with, with the request that she "Kiss my little dog Champ, anyway!" She did too, and the class went wild.

But not as wild as they went a quarter of an hour later when the enterprising Sparrow let down a dozen white mice in a paper bag on the end of a string with stupendous results—for the bag broke, and the white mice all fell out—and oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! A Prom girl stood for almost anything at the Glee Club concert—but those Prom girls stood right up in their seats!

Well, into the midst of all this came Miss Doris Ramsdell, and as Sparrow had said she

certainly was a bear as to looks—but that was no reason for Angel's sewing himself up with her that they could see. Sparrow and Ham she remembered, and she was "Very glad to meet Mr. Corliss"—just like any other Prom girl. They thought very little of it, charming as this "Ramsdell girl" might be, and their last Prom was surely gummed!

And then along came the Prom Committee party at Mory's on Sunday evening. The place was always closed on Sundays, but a special arrangement had been made with the proprietor whereby he would entertain the Junior Promenade Committee, last year's Committee who were now Seniors, and their girls and chaperones, and of course they had to ask the Hogans, because you could not have a party of that kind without them to begin with—and then they would probably have come to it anyway, whether you asked them or not!

Ordinarily they would have jumped at the idea, but here they were with a girl and a chaperone on their hands—and, oh, it just crabbed everything, that was all!

"She'll ask a lot of footling questions," complained Curly. "And instead of singing by ourselves in a corner we'll have to be explaining all the pictures on the wall to her!"

"That's all right," said Sparrow. "As long as she doesn't try to *sing* with us! First thing you know she'll come chiming in and ruin everything!"

"Oh well," remarked Ham. "She's easy to look at anyway. I don't wonder Angel fell for her. She certainly is a pippanola!"

"Oh, she's a peach," Curly agreed. "But she doesn't belong on a party of this sort. I've got to take her to the concert to-morrow and have a lot of livestock thrown at me while you're up on the stage performing!"

"That will be nice," laughed Sparrow. "You'll have a slick time, too, because they'll spot her right away, and when they see you with her the lid will be off. Captain Corliss and his Prom girl, zowie!"

He *did* have a rather terrible time of it too, because the Freshmen decided to come back at him for his speech on the night of the riot, and greeted him with prolonged applause.

"Oh—of course we know who *you* are!" they chanted at him. "You're At Corliss's brother—and what you say *goes!*" And Miss Jane Dixwell, who had heard all about that evening from Jimmy, nearly fell out of her chair laughing at him—and then began to wonder what he was doing there with her cousin Doris Ramsdell!

Well, Miss Ramsdell announced that she would be delighted to go to Mory's on Sunday, and down they went. It was the pleasantest party possible, all in little groups at separate tables, and the musty old place looked quite transformed with all those pretty girls wandering around and saying, "Oh, what's that?" at everything.

The Hogans were put at the Senior Table, and by jinks, Miss Ramsdell certainly was the best looking girl there, in her tailor-made suit and her little gray fur hat. Moreover she did not say "Oh, what's that?" at anything. In fact she seemed to know quite a lot about the place and Sparrow became more hopeful. If only she would not try to sing now, all would be well.

They had an excellent meal, a regular Hogan supper, and by the time the tables had been cleared Miss Ramsdell was calling them Ham and Curly and Sparrow. Angel had insisted on it, saying "You mustn't call these people Mister—they're just insignificant students!" and they had not minded in the least. Oh, she was a humdinger all right—if only she kept quiet while they were singing!

"Well, how about a song?" said someone at another table. "Come on now, loosen up. What do you think you're here for? Make them sing, Miss Ramsdell, won't you?"

"Oh, I reckon they're dyin' to!" replied Miss Ramsdell rather unexpectedly and everybody laughed.

So they sang, and it was good—everyone was in the mood, and there was a crackling wood fire, and it was Prom time. And Miss Ramsdell did not join in, praises be to her. She sat very still and smiled a little over the good swipes, and at the end of "My Sweet" Sparrow heard her say "Lordie!" under her breath.

Well, well! This was not so bad, eh what?

He winked at Curly, and after a while they got their second wind and drifted off into topical songs.

Then for the first time Miss Ramsdell made herself heard.

"I know a song," she said to Sparrow's horror. "I heard it some place once. I reckon perhaps you-all don't know it—it's just a silly song——"

Good-night, thought Sparrow. He had not even considered the possibility of her trying to sing a solo. If she was much given to that, then the party was gummed for fair. But of course out loud he begged her to sing it.

"Oh, it's just a silly song," Miss Ramsdell smiled. "It's nothin' to make a miration over —but I'll sing it if you all really want me to——"

Oh sure, Sparrow in particular was most enthusiastic. This would undoubtedly be some sweet girlish ditty.

So Miss Ramsdell sat back in her chair and sang—in a rich contralto voice which had Sparrow staring at her in round-eyed amazement after the first bar.

And this is the song she sang. It *was* a very silly song!

Oh, the Mississippi River—
Is so awful deep and—
I said so deep and—
I mean wide!
Oh, the Mississippi River is so awful deep and—wide!
It takes a hound dog's tail to reach from side to—
side!

If the river was whiskey—
And I was a Mallard—
I said a Mallard—
I mean duck!
If the river was whiskey and I was a Mallard—duck!
I'd go down to the bottom and I never would come—
up!

If you don't like my peaches—
Then don't you shake my—
I said don't shake my—
I mean tree!
If you don't like my peaches then don't you shake
my—tree!
For I'm a freestone peach and nothing clings to—me!

Once again, it was a very silly song, and it delighted them, particularly the last verse!

"Say!" exclaimed Sparrow, when they had finished laughing. "You can sing! Why didn't you tell us?"

Miss Ramsdell smiled at him, either very innocently or else very knowingly—Sparrow could never quite make up his mind.

"I reckon you-all were so busy singin' yourselves," she said, "you just naturally forgot to ask me—Spah-ruh. . . ."

Of course she sang some more! Why, she knew the parts to most of the songs they had been singing as well as they did themselves, and those she did not know she "faked" better than they were written!

"Why, you're perfectly wonderful!" raved Sparrow and Miss Ramsdell just smiled. Then she taught them "My Sunny Southern Rose," and, oh boy, it was a bear!

"Sparrow, you-all don't get that swipe just right!" she said to him once. "If you-all will just keep still a mite I'll show you how it goes!" and Curly nearly fell under the table laughing.

After that there was nothing to it. Angel got the Cup down, and they sang to her—"Here's to Doris Ramsdell, she's with us to-night!"—and then they elected her a member of the Hogans.

"Does she go around with us during the Prom?" said Angel aside to Sparrow. "And is this party gummed?"

"Yes and no," laughed Sparrow. "Yes, in that she does—and no, in that it is not!"

And that is why the initials D. R. appear inside the circle on the Senior Table for their year.

CHAPTER VI

THE BUZZ SAW

"FOR I'm a freestone peach . . ." hummed Angel, gouging out dust from Miss Doris Ramsdell's initials on the Senior Table with a match—and the answer came back in a lingering chord from the others——

"And nothing clings to me. . . ."

They were all sitting around the Senior Table in the front room at Mory's one night after supper, idly watching the fire, and Curly was carving his initials on the table with great care—which was a sure sign that he was bored. They had already carved their initials all over it dozens of times, and Champ's too—and of course their names appeared on the table officially inside the circle with the Hogans and the Cup Men—so that when any of them was reduced to this simple pastime it meant that stocks were low.

Well, it was the bad season anyway. The weather was rotten, the Prom with its girls and its parties had come and gone; the College was in the dumps, the cold, slushy, leaden skied dumps.

This was all long before Prohibition, of course, in the days when the College used to sit around down at Mory's on Temple Street and drink beer without thinking anything of it. Drink beer and eat golden bucks—and sing. It was the golden age of song, with Angel and Sparrow and Ham, when to meet casually in the evening on the Campus was to cluster around the first convenient lamp post and say, "Well, what'll we sing?"

"Going through the ceremony of a song," Ham used to call it, and his facial expression became sourer and sourer as the songs got better. Sparrow was always full of experiments and strange hunches for swipes.

"Now listen here, get this now," he would insist. "You keep the same note, hang on to it, see? Ham goes up half a tone, and Angel pulls off a diminished seventh—it makes a

bird of a swipe, much better than the regular June swipe. . . ."

Angel never said anything much, except "For the love of *Mike*, Ham, where've you got that pitched? Think I'm a steeple jack? Get down in the cellar where you belong!"

And of course they had to humor him, for Angel was the only tenor in College who could sing "Toyland" up where it really belonged, and do it twice running—once very soft in falsetto, and then good and loud—ringing out the "once you pass its portals, *you* . . ." line so they could hear him all the way from Vanderbilt Court over to the Oval, across the silent Campus. "Toyland" and—

> Mo-*ther*,
> Is there any room in Heaven, for *me*,
> I've been as good as *any* little girl—can be,
> Mother, is there room in Heaven—
> For little—black—me?

When they were not strolling around arm in arm on the Campus, or sitting on the steps of Dwight Hall humming something or other, they could usually be found in the Senior

Room at Mory's—oh, just "tearing off a couple of songs!"

The three upper classes who patronized the establishment were allowed to run up accounts for which once a month the proprietor sent out bills. One day back in Sid Corliss's time he had gathered a handful of Seniors around him and suggested to them that they help him make out these bills—in return for which he would guarantee them a bang up supper on the house and the freedom of the place generally.

With that propensity of the undergraduate for doing chores when they are presented to him under the guise of pleasure they agreed enthusiastically, and the Hogans became an established feature of college social life—to say nothing of the Hogan suppers around which succulent rumors clustered. It is not true, however, that they always had roast pig, although clear soup with a spoonful of port in it seems fairly well vouched for.

The chief qualifications were a legible handwriting and an ability to sing, with the emphasis very much on the latter. Why they were called Hogans no one ever knew.

They were not named after Jack Hogan, the football captain in Sid's year. So much is certain. There was a legend that the Corliss family had a butler called Hogan who used to sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" in the pantry over his silver, and that the organization was named after him!

This year the Hogans were very active. Curly acted as "Pop" Hogan, and kept the ledger—Ham was "Brute," Sparrow "Birdie," and Angel "Kid." It was the Brute's privilege at any time to suppress the Kid when the latter showed signs of becoming too obstreperous. At full Hogan meetings the posts of "Burglar" and "Plain" were held by Harry Ordway and Stuff Tibbott. They had a lot of fun over it and got through the bills in record time.

When the last bill was written, stamped, and sealed they always sang "Oh, listen to the band, pururum-pum-pum—oh, don't you think it grand, pururum-pum-*pum!*" while Curly roared a deep booming accompaniment. Then they played the Hogan game until supper time, which consisted in flicking empty cigar-

ette boxes up the table at a crack—cash prize to winner, twenty-five cents.

After supper the serious business of singing would begin, in the big back room usually, in front of a roaring fire, and something "to lubricate the pipes" always available. Each one sat in his own accustomed place—Angel always with his feet up on the rungs of his chair, the chair itself tilted back against the wall, and his eyes shut. Once in a while he would half open one eye to watch the development of a swipe and cut it off in time with the others—but mostly he sang with his eyes shut.

Curly usually sat next to him, leaning forward over the table with his hands in his pockets, listening for the air while he played rover with the first base part an octave up. In between songs he and Angel would have long discussions as to which was the bigger man in college—Angel, because he roomed with the football captain, or Curly, because he roomed with the President of the Glee Club!

Ham's place was at the end, with his chair well back, and one foot up on the table. He always sang with his hat on, and kept pulling

it down over his nose further and further as the evening progressed. He also invariably sang "I arise from dreams of thee" at least once during the session, in a deep and unusually rich base voice.

"Voice like an ostermoor!" Angel used to say.

Sparrow was the only talkative one.

"Come on Sparrow!" Ham would be always admonishing him. "A little deep breathing and less hot air!"

Sparrow was the one who always thought of the next song, sometimes before he had finished the last one; on which occasions he would sort of bounce out of his chair before the final swipe was well out of their lungs almost, and say "Oh, *I* know! 'Mavourneen,'" or "A Youth One Day . . ." or whatever it was that he had in mind.

And whatever his singing idiosyncracies might be you could not do without Sparrow. He knew all the parts to all the songs that had ever been sung for the last ten years, and he was always finding new ones. It was Sparrow who discovered "Katie dear, I've just received your pretty post card . . ." and "Dancing a

two-step with Lulu . . ." and Sparrow who wrote the words to the famous Arctic song. . . . " . . . mid ice and snow, the North winds blow, Aurora Borealis!"

Sparrow too who "doped out" the seven part arrangements for "Velia" and "Shall I, wasting in despair . . . " and rescued "Brother Noah" from oblivion—

Brother Noah! Brother Noah!
Can I come in to the Ark of the Lord,
Cause it's getting kind of dark,
Going to rain very hard,
Turu*lu*, turu*lu*, turulululululu*lu!*

No you can't, sir! No you can't, sir!
No you can't come in to the Ark of the Lord,
Though it's getting kind of dark
Going to rain very hard—
Turu*lu*, turu*lu*, turulululululu*lu!*

Go to hell then! Go to hell then!
Go to hell with your darned old scow!
For it isn't going to rain
So very much anyhow—
Turu*lu*, turu*lu*, turulululululu*lu!*

Young feller! Young feller!
That's the bluff of your life and you know darn well,
That it's getting very dark,
Going to rain like hell—
Turu*lu*, turu*lu*, turulululululu*lu!*

And it was thanks to Sparrow that they had been able to sit in that room—minus Curly of course—on the night before the Harvard game and sing for six solid hours without repeating themselves once except by request!

That had been a memorable evening. They were all in their dress-suits, having come down after the joint Glee Club concert with Harvard over in Woolsey, and a lot of Harvard men drifted in during the evening attracted by the racket, until finally you could not move around the place.

The sensation of the evening was probably Sparrow's rendition of "If I Catch Antonio Spigonio, the Torreador . . ." standing on the table doing a Castilian dance, while the rest of the Hogans provided what Sparrow called a Spanish chorus—"Umm click click—umm click click. . . ." People were hanging on to the cornices, and they finally had to give up trying to serve refreshments any more owing to the impossibility of getting out of the bar with them.

So much for the dissipations of college life! There were tumult and rioting a-plenty around

town that night, but at Mory's after eleven o'clock you could not get your nose inside the building on account of the crowd which was listening to Angel sing "Toyland."

A remark he heard at random in the mob that night pleased Angel more than anything that had ever been said to him.

"By Gosh!" he heard one Harvard man tell another. "I wish those birds would come up to Cambridge some night!"

And then Champ! Champ always came to Hogan meetings and had his supper in front of the fire. Way back in Sophomore year Champ had objected to his master's vocal activities, but these Hogan meetings were pretty good fun. There was a comfortable fire, and an excellent supper—when they did not come plaguing after him to make him drink beer—and this quiet soft singing was all right. Not at all like the terrible racket Angel made at Glee Club rehearsals, or in the game room up in Deke. Champ avoided those like the mange, but this Mory's stuff was really very pleasant. Soothing sort of, after a big supper.

Champ knew a good song when he heard it too. He got up and growled at Sparrow the night he went off the key in "Annie Laurie." Well, he most certainly did! Ask any of them —they all heard him.

"That pup's getting to be too intelligent," Curly said after they got through laughing. "He was in my way this morning, and I told him to beat it up the flue—and he thought I said eat up my shoe!"

". . . and nothing clings to me!" hummed Angel for the twentieth time, and reached over and filled his pipe from Curly's pouch.

"This certainly is the gay, carefree, college life!" he observed. "It's as merry as a crutch."

"Nothing doing at all, is there?" Ham agreed with him, shifting his foot from one chair to another. Ham always had to have his foot up on something.

"I'm going to slip the sheets in a minute," announced Curly. "If there's nothing else to do you can always tear off a little sleep!"

"Oh, you ought to hibernate during the Easter term," Angel advised him. "You're

the darnedest man for sleeping I ever saw. You and Champ. He's lost all his pep, too. That's what comes of consorting with athletes —great hulking brutes who do nothing but eat and sleep—look out, Corliss! I'm not a tackling dummy!"

Sparrow had been sitting all this time with his back to the fire, immersed in a newspaper. He pushed his chair back further towards the blaze now, and looked over the top of his sheet.

"Stop your bickering," he said. "And listen to this. Here's a dame says we're just a bunch of beer guzzlers——"

"Beer whichers?" asked Curly, looking up from his work.

"Beer guzzlers," repeated Sparrow, "Good-for-nothing, lazy—pardon me, indolent, beer guzzlers!"

"Hah!" exclaimed Ham, bringing his foot down off the chair with a thud. "Benson, this must be about you. Go on, Sparrow, does it say anything about his neckties?"

"What's the matter with my neckties, you poor stiff?" expostulated Angel. "Say, what is this stuff, Sparrow? Who says we're beer

—what is it, guzzlers? Sounds very vulgar to me!"

"I don't know," said Sparrow vaguely. "Some dame in an interview—Temperance League something or other. She's got the slickest idea about 'college boys!' Angel, are you a typical college boy? I'm sure Ham isn't—he's too ugly—and of course Curly's just a 'moleskin idol'!"

"Do you want to die, Scott?" threatened Curly.

"Well, that's what she says," insisted Sparrow. "Talking about athletes, she says they're 'empty headed numbskulls, mere moleskin idols'—boy, page Mr. Corliss. Say, what is a moleskin idol—you ought to know since you are one——"

"Darned if I know," laughed Curly. "I know I'm 'the greatest back that ever wore the blue'—see any newspaper of last November—but you've got me on this idol stuff. I believe they call football clothes moleskin suits in some sporting goods ads. What else does she say—go on, read it to us."

"Oh, she just raves along," said Sparrow.

"Says 'the curse of the American college is beer.' Fat lot she knows about it—the curse of the American college is college fiction! She says that 'ninety per cent'—count them—'ninety per cent of the students in our so-called institutions of learning'—so-called is good—'befuddle their minds by the use of beer and other spirituous intoxicants, so that what little knowledge they manage to absorb' —she must think we're a lot of sponges—'evaporates away in the fumes of dissipation' . . ."

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Angel with great gravity. "Bill!" he called to the steward in the back-room. "Bring us a round of fumes—I mean four beers. Go on, Sparrow. I always knew there were things I didn't understand about Corliss. Poor old Curly, was all his knowledge just evaporating away —Ouch! Don't do that again, you big bully!"

"People who write stuff like that ought to be shot," said Ham. "A lot of poor simps will believe that, you know, who've never seen the outside of a college building—that's the way

these extraordinary ideas get around about undergraduates. I'm not talking about a little noise and occasional monkey shines, but to hear these birds talk, when we're not rolling around the streets dead to the world we're tearing down fences and putting pepper in the blind professor's snuff box!"

"Yes, and when there is a disturbance of some kind," added Curly, "on a football night or at Commencement or something, nine times out of ten it's some grad who came to college as a scrub senior from Gunshannon University who's doing it all. But we always get the blame!"

"Sure," Angel chimed in. "And then those same birds stand around and complain because the College is going to the dogs, and things aren't the way they were in *their* time. Preserve me from the sainted 'good old days' we hear so much about if they were anything like the way some of them carry on at reunions!"

"Oh, you haven't any, 'college spirit'!" objected Ham, and they all laughed.

"College spirits they mean, I guess," Angel

concluded. "Well, here's to you, you bunch of befuddled beer guzzlers!"

Sparrow had been reading on during this dissertation until he came to an item which seemed to him to contain the germ of infinite possibilities.

"Say," he remarked suddenly. "This dame's coming up here!"

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Angel. "What for?"

"She's coming up next week to lecture on the Evils of Drink and their Relation to Higher Education," Sparrow explained. "Somewhere in town. They call it a 'world wide campaign against the Demon' and she's one of their big guns. I'm sure a good time will be had by all!"

"We might go and break up the meeting," suggested Ham hopefully, but the light of inspiration was shining in Sparrow's eyes.

"There you go," he retorted. "You poor indolent dissipated bum—you'll do no such thing. I think it more than likely that Miss —whatever her name is—will visit this so-

called institution of learning during the course of her stay in our city."

"She will like a fish!" exclaimed Ham. "She'll conduct no campaign on this Campus. What do you think we are, a Keely Cure?"

"Nevertheless," went on Sparrow. "The conviction is growing upon me that this bright-eyed crusader will visit us at the earnest invitation of the College Temperance Society!"

"And what in Heaven's name is the College Temperance Society?" asked Curly. "Don't tell me I've missed something in my college career! That's the trouble with football—it keeps you out in the open air and all that, but you miss out on all these things which are of the utmost, I may say of the uttermost, importance——"

"Oh, shut up, Corliss," said Sparrow. "The College Temperance Society, while a newcomer to these academic shades, is growing by leaps and bounds—like a jack-rabbit. A few moments ago it didn't exist at all. Then it consisted of one member, Mr. Sparrow Scott. Now it has just made three most valuable converts, to wit yourselves. Its fu-

ture seems as rosy as a Scandinavian baby's cheek. Do you get me?"

"Oh, you Sparrow!" they all shouted, and signified by various means that they indeed "got" him!

"The kid's clever, no doubt about it," said Curly, who seemed to have quite forgotten his announced intention of going to bed. Also he had put away his knife. Angel, too, seemed to be in a much more chipper frame of mind all of a sudden. They pulled their chairs in close to the table, and sat with their chins in their hands for a long time, talking in low tones. Once or twice they mentioned Dandy, and the Dramatic Association of which he was President.

From his place on the hearth Champ came to the conclusion that something tremendous was being framed up. Such had been his previous experience when they sat around like that with Sparrow saying "Oh, *I* know what we'll do!" every five minutes or so.

And later on that evening when Angel and Curly were sitting in front of the fire in their pyjamas, smoking a last cigarette before going

to bed, his master sat him up on his knees and pulled his ears.

"Champ!" he said solemnly. "No, don't try to lick my face! Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine—you're an old beer guzzler!" and then they both laughed and laughed. Decidedly, there was something in the air!

A few days later Miss Gertrude Spink was pleased to find in her morning mail a very politely worded invitation from the College Temperance Society, begging her to favor the College with a lecture on the Great Demon—said lecture to be delivered under the auspices of the aforesaid society. The missive bore an address which happened also to be that of the University Glee Club office—but of course Miss Spink had no means of knowing that—and was signed by a Mr. Sparrow.

Well, Miss Spink was delighted. Her seed was taking root in what had always been very stony ground, and this invitation to speak came as a balm to her spirit—especially after the incidents of yesterday's meeting, the first of her series, when a parade of students headed

by a band, and bearing a sign setting forth that they were the Beer Guzzlers, had marched back and forth outside the hall where she was lecturing, singing ribald songs.

At least Miss Spink assumed that they were ribald, since they proceeded from the undergraduate body, for whom in general Miss Spink had little sympathy. What they were really singing was the Guzzlers' Anthem—to wit "The Old Oaken Bucket." It may be said in passing that Miss Spink was well on in her forties, of a cast of countenance calculated to resist all climates, and somewhat nearsighted.

The next morning as the College went streaming across the Campus to chapel it found posted on every tree a notice in red type calling on all the world to banish the Demon and attend a meeting in honor of Miss Spink at noon, on the steps of Osborn Hall, where she would——

". . . rectify, purify, and probably villify the undergraduate body!"

Fifteen minutes later when chapel let out again the notices had all disappeared and the College grinned broadly from ear to ear.

Something was about to be pulled off, and stray copies of the poster were eagerly sought by memorabilia fiends.

No one seemed able to find out who was responsible for it, although a certain "Who, me? Good Heavens, no!" look about Sparrow might have been an indication. Also if anyone had taken the trouble to ask him, Jimmy could have told a good deal about it—for he had been the agency by means of which the momentary appearance of the posters had been accomplished.

Jimmy did tell Miss Jane Dixwell all about it, however, riding in that morning on her running board from Whitney Avenue to Coburn's.

"Ya want to stick around, Miss," he advised her. "They're goin' to pull off a party—Mr. Benson an' Mr. Scott an' all of them——"

"I think it's pretty mean of them," said Miss Dixwell. "Making fun of that old lady—someone ought to tell her!"

"Aw, gee, Miss," Jimmy exclaimed scornfully. "She ain't got no business slammin'

the College! You ain't goin' to spill the beans are you, Miss?"

"Oh, I suppose not," laughed Miss Dixwell. "It's none of my business what they do. I expect Mr. Baxter's mixed up in it too?"

"I guess so," replied Jimmy. "An' Mr. Corliss!"

"Oh!" remarked Miss Dixwell, and said nothing for several blocks. Then she turned to Jimmy again. "Mr. Corliss took a girl to the Prom this year, didn't he?" she asked. "I saw him at the concert——"

"Aw, that was Mr. Benson's girl," Jimmy explained. "Mr. Corliss didn't have no girl."

"Oh!" Miss Dixwell remarked again—and they arrived at Coburn's. She had only seen Doris for a second at the Junior Tea, and had really not had a chance to speak to her.

Well, as in the famous rhyme about the sexton and the bell, the Seniors told the Juniors, and the Juniors told the Sophomores —and the Freshmen must have been eavesdropping—for by twelve o'clock there was an enormous mob out in front of Osborn Hall, waiting for Miss Spink and anything else

which might develop. Just what this was liable to be no one could foretell—nor was the crowd aware of the presence in the Dramatic Office, in the basement of Osborn, of a group of Seniors being harangued by Dandy Baxter.

Miss Spink's entrance on the scene was a triumph. At the appointed hour she had been waited on in her rooms at the hotel by the reception committee from the College Temperance Society headed by Mr. Sparrow. The others seemed to be Mr. Ham and Mr. Curly—queer names she thought at the time, but such *nice* young men and so very much in earnest. After an appropriate speech by Mr. Sparrow they invited her to proceed with them in a hack to the place selected for the meeting. Miss Spink was leaving to catch a train immediately afterwards and they made themselves so useful carrying her bags. It seemed that in view of the large attendance anticipated it had been deemed advisable to have the meeting out of doors. Most gratifying thought Miss Spink as she stepped into the hack.

What the College saw was a grim-looking

and rather portly middle-aged lady descending from a hack in front of Osborn Hall, accompanied by Sparrow Scott, Ham Leonard, and Curly Corliss. Each of them displayed a frock coat and a silk hat, and what Sparrow had described as a saintly expression. From the hood of the hack Sparrow produced a sign which he bore solemnly at the rear of the little procession. It read "College Temperance Society—Welcome to Miss Spink—Down with the Demon!"

Needless to say Miss Spink received what she supposed to be a sky shattering ovation for herself. It continued long after she had reached the steps and turned facing the crowd. In fact if anything it increased in volume. Of course Miss Spink was not aware of the fact that there was another side to the sign on which was written "Good for nothing indolent beer guzzlers—empty-headed moleskin idols—who's monkeying with the buzz saw?"

Well, pandemonium is the only word for it. The College roared and howled and clung to each others' necks, until the rumors of it began to float back into the upper reaches of the

residential district. Someone even called up the Dean about it, but all he had to say was, "Serves her right for calling the undergraduates names!" which would seem to prove that he did not agree with Miss Dixwell!

Sparrow finally succeeded in quieting the crowd, and introduced Miss Spink as being about to discourse on the Higher Education and its relation to Rum—which was not quite what Miss Spink had expected, but it would serve. She cleared her throat and faced the audience.

"Young men!" she boomed. "What have most of you come to college for?"

"*Beer!*" was the unexpected reply, amid gales of laughter, and the inevitable chorus came welling up from the throng——

"We're here, because there's beer—that's why we're here, because there's beer. . . ."

"Very sad," said Ham dolefully in Miss Spink's ear. "Do not hesitate to speak your mind to them!"

And Miss Spink did.

"Beer!" she began. "The curse of the collegiate youth of this land!" and on she went

from climax to climax—and if she had forgotten anything in her interview she remembered it here. "Whiskey swilling puppies," she called them once.

But the crowd hardly heard what she was saying as a result of the uproar which accompanied her speech. For Miss Spink was scarcely launched on her remarks when out from the Dramat office there appeared before the astounded College a string of young men, most of them Seniors of prominence, who proceeded to stagger their way into the front row, right under Miss Spink's nose—all of them apparently in an advanced state of inebriety. Dandy's performance in particular was most praiseworthy. He sat down on the steps below Miss Spink and began to sob in the most woebegone manner until everybody went weak with laughing.

And then Miss Spink noticed him.

"Young man," she said sharply. "What's the matter with you?"

"Deeply touched," Dandy assured her. "Mos' affecting speech I ever heard—want everybody to hear it—want the Faculty to

hear it—goin' to write home about it—I thank you, lady, my mother thanks you, my sister thanks you——"

And then they all began to sob—until they burst out laughing quite suddenly when Dandy unexpectedly sat down again and begged her to "pity the poor sailors on a night like this!"

But Miss Spink did not notice them laughing, for she had already plunged into another tirade in which Dandy and his "dissolute companions" were being held up as a terrible example—Dandy of all people, who had promised his family not to take a drink until he graduated. Verily, it does not pay to monkey with the college buzz saw!

Oh dear, it seemed as though they would all die if this did not stop pretty soon—but Sparrow had one more card up his sleeve.

This was Angel, dressed in Curly's football clothes, who suddenly appeared around the corner accompanied by a mob of people who were giving a representation of their idea of a Roman triumph. Dandy—quite spontaneously be it said—put the finishing touches to

the scene by hurling himself into Angel's arms with a wild whoop.

"Our moleskin idol!" he burbled.

Sparrow saw that the climax had been reached. Curly was showing signs of extreme rage at Angel, and at any moment the crowd might do something to give the show away.

"I'm afraid we'll have to be going to the train," he said to Miss Spink. "It's too bad we have to curtail your address—you see there is a great field here for your ministrations!"

"That man there in the football clothes," added Ham. "That's Corliss, the football player. Worst type of thick-headed athlete—" only at that point Curly kicked him violently in the shins and Ham got no further with his revelations.

So amid tremendous ovations Miss Spink was escorted to the hack. The Reception Committee of the College Temperance Society climbed in beside her, and they prepared to drive off. But the College thought differently, and in the end the hack reached the station at the head of a parade which stretched for blocks.

When last seen Miss Spink was standing on

the rear platform of the train waving good-by to "Mr. Sparrow" while the station shook with thunderous cheers for "Miss Spink, Miss Spink, Miss Spink!"

The parade back from the station was even more hilarious—the three silk hats and Angel riding in state in the hack with Dandy driving it—while Jimmy was rewarded for his services by being permitted to ride on the horse after they discovered him snooping around on the outskirts of the crowd. And behind them the Beer Guzzlers, chanting that most ribald of ditties, the "Old Oaken Bucket."

"I think a good time was had by all!" Sparrow ventured when they were settled at Mory's in front of a row of mutton chops.

And Miss Spink whirling away in the train was meditating on the iniquities of college life, and consoling herself with the thought that here at least she had perhaps been able to do some good. A start had been made anyway—she must keep in touch with that nice Mr. Sparrow.

Once again, verily, it does not pay to monkey with the college buzz saw!

CHAPTER VII

MASQUERADE

Of course just because Curly had never "fussed" a Prom, and expressed a profound scorn of "this Whitney Avenue stuff" and of Miss Jane Dixwell and her contemporaries, and threw things at Angel when he was getting himself barbered and haberdasheried for a descent upon some finishing school for young ladies—just for these reasons it must not be supposed that he had not had his share of similar adventures.

For the curly-haired blond young giant with the mild eyes and the plaintive voice, Captain Corliss—"the greatest back that ever wore the blue" of newspaper fame—had of course spread confusion in endless concourses of fluttering feminine hearts. And all the more so because he looked even better in his city clothes than he did in his football things, and

could dance and otherwise comport himself in crowded drawing-rooms as gracefully as he sidestepped the yearning embraces of would-be tacklers, when he had the ball safely tucked away under his arm for a forty yard run through a broken field.

Their name was legion—the girls that Curly knew and was forever running into in parlor cars and hotel lobbies and reception rooms—and the girls he did not know, but pretended to remember because they seemed to know him—to say nothing of the girls who did not know him but wished they did! The girls who called him Mr. Corliss, and those who greeted him as Curly, and the smaller number who knew him as Ted.

They said of him that he had the art of making every girl he spoke to feel that she was absolutely the only one in the room, and chaperones simply doted on him. He shared with Dandy the reputation of being the most accomplished "fusser" in the class, and Dandy used to insist that it was his voice that "got him by" as much as anything else.

"You can't do anything when Corliss is

around," he explained. "The big elephant comes rolling in to a party and everybody recognizes him right off and says, 'Oh, there he is, there he is!'—and then he eases up to the best-looking girl in the room and turns on those Babes-in-the-Wood eyes of his and says, 'Haven't I met you before?' . . ."

"And then she says, 'Yes, I believe we did meet,' and the other girls all get green-eyed," put in Sparrow. "And in a minute she says, 'Shall we go and sit somewhere, it's awfully stuffy in here' . . ."

"Yes," went on Dandy. "And then he says, 'Yes, I'd love to!' in his plaintive Please-I've-Lost-my-Mother voice, and all bets are off. You can just scratch that girl off the list. She simply isn't there until someone else grabs him. He's persistent as the devil too!"

"Oh, he gets away with murder," said Angel. "He came up to Phyllis Hope the other evening at the Drummond dance at Sherry's and said, 'Why, where've you been all this time? I've been looking *everywhere* for you for ages!'—and I know he'd been

sitting out the last three dances with Benny Drummond's sister!"

"I bet Phyllis fell for it too!" laughed Dandy.

"Oh sure," Angel replied. "Tickled to death. It was good-night Phyllis as far as anyone else was concerned the minute he reappeared on the scene."

"Well, he'll get his one of these days!" prophesied Dandy.

Incidentally Curly was very angry the day Mrs. Sayre told Dandy she thought that "Mr. Corliss had such a *good* face—so refined for an athlete!" It seemed later that this last was an embellishment of Dandy's, but this description of Curly found its way all over college, and was hurled at him from dormitory windows from one end of the Campus to the other.

Has anybody here seen Corliss,
C—O—R—L—I—S—S,
Has anybody here seen Corliss,
Have you seen him passing by?
For his face is good, and his eyes are blue,
He's refined, and an athlete too,
Has anybody here seen Corliss—
The chaperone's delight!

But where Curly had his share of the associations with the fair sex which the others enjoyed, he also came in for an enforced category of dealings with them which was not a part of the others' experience.

For Corliss the athlete, paragraphed, interviewed, and pictured in almost every leading newspaper during the football season—papers that put "Corliss 12, Opponents 10" in their headlines on the front page after a big game—this Corliss annually found himself a public figure—and the crowds that came to watch the games at the Field, or in the Stadium, or wherever it might be, had no trouble in recognizing his blond head, or in following his erratic course through many a spectacular play.

To them he was perhaps something more than a football player—he was the embodiment of all the stirring features of the great November game itself, and a glamor had arisen around his very name which set football bleachers stamping and swaying when the cheer leaders came running out with their long megaphones to herald his arrival.

"*Long* cheer for Corliss—are you ready *one* —two—three . . ."

A glamor, sprung from an appreciation of him for the game's sake as its greatest exponent in generations of great names, which brought a whole rival cheering section to its feet in a spontaneous ovation for him on the occasion of his first appearance on the Field after his operation for appendicitis in Junior year.

Of course, he was a full back—in the line he would have been less widely noticed—and there were always the famous voice and the hands clapping together—mannerisms which "got him by" with crowds as well as in drawing rooms—but there were also the personality, and the good-natured grin, and the modest bearing in moments of superlative triumph such as only a football field can afford—when the home stands went swarming down onto the Field over the wire fence to dance their way under the goal posts and toss their hats over the bar—while Corliss passed by on the shoulders of his team with the muddy ball safe in his keeping.

And so after every football season Curly received scores upon scores of letters from unknown admirers—some of them anonymous, many of them not—girls who had watched him play—girls who had seen his pictures in the papers—girls who had stacked their pin money of a year on his team.

Curly never answered any of these letters, but one.

He was sitting in his front room in Vanderbilt one evening, a short time after the meteoric appearance of the College Temperance Society, sorting out some of these letters and reading extracts from them to Angel before consigning them to the flames of their wood fire.

Most of them were just what might be expected, schoolgirl effusions written in study hours behind the covers of a textbook. Letters which invariably began, "Dear Mr. Corliss, Please don't think me terribly bold, *but* . . ." And then pages and pages of "but," heavily underlined, telling him how perfectly this, and how awfully that, he was. Curly rather liked those, and wished that he might answer some of them.

". . . I thought their full back was going to *kill* you . . . and then those two jumped on you, and the referee wasn't looking . . . and I just shut my eyes and *prayed!*—I waved to you as you went off the field and I *think* you saw me . . . at all events you smiled right *at* me. . . ."

"Dear Lord, please bless and keep my wonderful Mr. Corliss . . ." laughed Angel. "Good thing she doesn't know you as you really are!"

"Shut your trap!" retorted Curly.

Here and there, usually from farther afield, came letters which attempted to be schoolgirl effusions, but were quite obviously no such thing. Those Curly snorted at, and dropped into the fire with the tongs. Letters which deplored the fact that of course he would have "nothing to do with poor me!" and assured him that the writer was not indulging in the "usual crush," but experienced an admiration for him which was nothing short of inspiring.

Sometimes the conclusion brought the statement of a conviction that "we could be real

pals" because the writer was "an out-of-doors girl" and loved all the things that "men, *real* men" did—and often there were offers of photographs, "just to see if I am the type of girl you would care to have for a friend."

"So sorry," Curly would say. "I'll take a cigar instead!"

Some of the letters were really quite funny. There was one that began, "Gee, but you sure are one swell guy," and went on to say how they had his picture in the parlor, alongside of William Jennings Bryan, and that if he ever needed a job she was sure her brother "would fix it up with the Grizzly Terrors" of which he, the brother, was manager. Curly kept that one and put it in his scrap-book.

Then there was another from a girl in California, who wanted to know all about him, and told him her hair was marcelled too, but not like his, and anyway it was natural with him she guessed . . . And was he a "frat man" and she supposed of course he was, or he would not have been captain of the team—at least that was the way it was in the college in her home town—but if he was not it did not

matter one bit to her, and her brother was not either . . .

"Say!" Curly exclaimed suddenly. "Here's one I never opened! Must have slipped it in with the others and forgotten it—why it's from town here . . ."

"Don't open it then!" advised Angel, trying to turn his pipe inside out with a broken match. "Nothing doing on the local talent, remember —town girls are nothing in your life—can the 'Whitney Avenue stuff!'"

But Curly was already reading the letter with a puzzled expression.

"Here, for Pete's sake, listen to this," he said. "It's dated the day after the Princeton game last fall—it's been lying around for months. 'My dear Mr. Corliss, I had no idea it was your dog until I saw him between the halves with the little boy. I am so glad nothing serious happened to either of them. I'd like to feel you believe it was not entirely my fault, because I'm not a careless driver. I never saw the dog in the traffic, and the boy simply jumped right out in front of my wheels. I should have felt dreadfully if anything had

happened to him or to your mascot. The papers said you won the game, and I thought myself that you helped a lot, but I believe it was really the dog, if you don't mind my saying so. As you are probably overwhelmed with correspondence from much more interesting sources I shall not impose on your sense of duty by giving you either my address or my name. Cordially yours, The Girl in the Car!' Well, what do you know about that?"

"Ah—ha!" said Angel. "All excited aren't you? I told you you'd better not open it!"

"Wait a minute," went on Curly. "There's a postscript. 'P. S. The town isn't so very large, and I'd be delighted to have you bring the dog around for a cup of tea—but of course that would depend on your being smart enough to find me, and I'm sure I don't know how you could do that! As for me, I don't care anything about you, but I like your dog!' . . . Thank you so much. . . ."

"Say!" exclaimed Angel. "I like her nerve. That's a pretty good line she's handing you!"

"What's she talking about anyway?" asked Curly. "Girl in the Car—what car?"

"Why, don't you remember?" Angel explained. "The day of the game, Champ broke loose from Jimmy and nearly got run over, and the kid hopped out in the street to yank him away and got hit by a car?"

"Oh sure," Curly agreed. "He got out to the Field during the intermission and led the team out when we came back for the second half."

"Sure," said Angel. "Well, that's the girl who was driving the car. Don't you remember, the kid told us afterwards there was a swell dame in the car who insisted on his going to the hospital. He said she was a queen!"

"He did, hey?" mused Curly. "Well, now, that makes it very interesting. I think perhaps I'd better find this lady."

"You poor fish!" groaned Angel. "It's the dog she wants to see, not you. And besides, it's *my* dog! I guess I'd better find her. Can't have you using my dog as a decoy!"

"The dog belongs to the Football Association now," Curly insisted. "And I should think you'd better devote your attention to keeping in right with Doris Ramsdell, unless

she's ditched you already. And anyway the letter was written to *me!* I'm going to find her."

"You stand a fat chance!" said Angel. "You might see her a thousand times and she'd never let on."

"Think she's going to fall on your neck when she sees you?" parried Curly. "What you going to do, sing 'Alice, where art Thou," all up and down Whitney Avenue? Me for that cup of tea!"

"Hop to it," grinned Angel. "If you think you're smart enough! I'll be having my second!"

This boast of Angel's seemed less of an improbability the next morning when he stopped Dandy on the Campus.

"Hey there, Baxter," he said. "Listen here. Corliss bit on it!"

"Oh, did he find the letter?" asked Dandy. "What'd he say?"

"I slipped it in with the others yesterday evening," Angel explained. "The poor boob never suspected a thing. I had the date on the postmark all smudged, and now he's all

up in the air. Swears he's going to find the girl, and thinks I'm after her too."

"Then we've got the elephant on the run, hey?" smiled Dandy. "Serves him right. You don't suppose he *will* find her do you? Jane would be sore as a boil if she knew we'd sent him a fake letter from her! She told me she'd made Jimmy swear not to tell who was in the car."

"Oh, Corliss hasn't got a chance," insisted Angel. "He can't go from house to house looking for her—and the kid will never peep. Well, don't say a word—so long!"

"So long!" waved Dandy. "Oh, by the way—did you know Champ went out regularly now to Jane's? Sure, she feeds him chocolates, and the pup's out there all the time!"

'Love me, love my dog!" grinned Angel.

But on that particular day there was no danger of Curly's finding his lady, or of Jimmy's peeping, or even of Champ's eating chocolates—because it was a fine day in May, and that evening was Omega Lambda Chi Night.

Way back at the beginning of the year, when Curly and Angel had discarded their hats and become Seniors Jimmy had settled down to anticipatory delight in the things which they would do when they appeared in costume—and he had seen enough of his two young men throughout their career to know that when they turned their minds to revelry something peculiarly edifying might be expected. They were tremendously prominent in the College, but just for that reason they would be even more brilliantly nonsensical.

Among all the other things that he knew, Jimmy had learned that the more important personages Seniors were, the more prone they were to act in an altogether diverting and supremely idiotic manner. It was just one of those collegiate paradoxes—and Jimmy had not been disappointed.

"Let's pull off a party in costume," Angel had said one afternoon in the fall, sitting over in Sparrow's room in Connecticut Hall. Ham and Dandy and a crowd of others were there, and Angel had just been restrained with difficulty from singing "The cats in the alley,

they go meow, meow, meow. . . ." Sparrow contended that it made the plaster fall off the ceiling.

"Pull away," said Ham. "What'll it be?"

"*I* know!" Sparrow exclaimed, and it was usually something worth while when Sparrow said "*I* know." "Let's get the Whiffenpoofs together and a lot of ringers from the class as supes, and tear off something out at the Field on the day of the Brown game—you know, between the halves——"

"Sure," laughed Dandy. "Stir up a little interest in Corliss's bunch of pigskin wonders, now that the big games are coming around. I never saw such a gang—they go around all day with long faces wondering whether by any chance anybody'll score on them!"

"Shut up, Baxter," put in Ham. "Sparrow's got a good hunch—let's dope out something. Come on, Benson, start the old bean going and slip us an idea—you're a Whiffenpoof founder!"

They were an extraordinary organization, the Whiffenpoofs! As Ham had said, Angel was one of the founders. Not content with

being a Hogan and a Growler, he had gathered some others around him—Sparrow and Ham and Dandy—and started the Whiffenpoofs, consisting of five men, a manager, and a trainer, whose purpose it was to meet every Monday night at Mory's in the Sophomore Room—why the Sophomore Room nobody knew—and sing. Oh, of course, with Angel and Sparrow you always had to sing! Each man in turn paid for the supper, and they wrote an "anthem" which they chanted with great solemnity, always standing with one foot on the table—a strange mixture of Kipling and Benson!

To the tables down at Mory's,
To the place where Louis dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well—
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled,
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing casts its spell!
Yes—the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well—
"Shall I Wasting" — and "Mavourneen" — and the rest—
We will serenade our Louis
While life and voice shall last—
Then—we'll pass—and be forgotten with the rest!

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way—
Bah, bah, bah!
Little black sheep who've gone astray—
Bah, bah, bah!
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Damned from here to eternity—
God have mercy on such as we—
Bah, bah, bah.

It was characteristic of that era in college that Monday nights became definite fixtures in the college social calendar. Just as there were Thursday night, and Tuesday night, and Saturday night, when certain specified things took place, so there was Monday night—Whiffenpoof night.

After the football season Curly was appointed Perpetual Guest—and in the spring they took to singing in the Oval around the sun-dial—to the official annoyance of the Proctor who secretly shared in the delight at hearing them expressed by the rest of the Oval in the tribute of silently raised windows. People would turn out their lights and sit on their window-seats to listen to them singing "Annie Laurie" and "Robin Adair," "Waiting and Watching" and

. . . so—like the wild birds,
Spread your wings and fly—
Spread—your—wings—
And—
Fly.

And the Proctor would pretend that it was much earlier in the evening than the clock said.

But back there in November it was costumes they were thinking about. The conclave in Sparrow's room seems to have come to some decision, for mysterious notices concerning the Arctic Club began to appear in the *Daily News*—and finally an hour or so before the Brown game as extraordinary a gathering of apparitions as could be imagined began to collect in Vanderbilt Court. When they were all assembled they held a preparatory parade around the Campus, and if the College laughed, then there is no word for Jimmy's manifestations of hilarity.

First, a drum, a base drum—always a base drum on such occasions—and some fish-horn sort of instruments performed upon by an assortment of hoboes. Dandy nearly got

killed for saying, "Oh see the hoboes playing the oboes!"

Then—ah, then! Mr. Ham Leonard, who happened to be the tallest man in the class, dressed all in white with strips of red around him like a barber's pole, and on his head a pointed hat with a gilt cardboard weather-vane. On his chest moreover a sign setting forth that he was the North Pole!

On one side of him, in a blond wig and a pink ballet skirt, Mr. Dandy Baxter announcing to all the world that he was "Aurora Borealis, The Spirit of the North." And on the other side, walking along arm in arm with the Pole in easy familiarity, a full-fledged Polar Bear! Judging from the harmonious sounds which proceeded from his interior, and also from the briar pipe which he was somewhat incongruously smoking, this visitor from the Zoo was Mr. Angel Benson—and it did not take Champ long to find it out either. The costume, of white flannel all of one piece, was a triumph, and Angel and Aurora Borealis tangoing together, out in front of Alumni Hall, nearly brought out the reserves!

Behind them, a weird assortment of convicts, tramps, Chinamen, policemen, and two gentlemen in silk hats and frock coats—one of them Sparrow Scott—whose significance became apparent later.

They all went out to the Field in a dray, and their parade across the gridiron brought forth howls of merriment "from friend and foe," as Sparrow said afterwards. From his inconspicuous place on the side-lines, Jimmy observed all these events and hugged his aching ribs! They behaved themselves moderately well during the first half—except that Angel, secure beneath his disguise, roamed around a good deal and made love to every pretty girl he saw—but with the intermission things began to happen.

First they arose in their seats and sang Sparrow's Arctic Club song, and the full significance of these doings began to spread among the multitudes. Said the song—

> The Pole has been discovered,
> Hooray, hooray—
> Both Cook and Peary did the job,
> That's why we sing to-day!

The Pole has been discovered,
Hooray, hooray—
Mid ice and snow,
The north winds blow—
Au*ro*ra *Bo*realis!

"Roaring Alice" they called it afterwards.

Then the Pole, with his satellites Aurora and the Bear, descended onto the Field, and held a sort of old home week in the middle of the gridiron—until suddenly the Pole pointed dramatically to the north goal posts, and then again to the south goal posts.

From each end of the Field "with cat-like tread," two expeditions were "creeping up on the Pole," one of course led by "Cook," and the other by "Peary"—hence the two silk hats and frock coats! Sparrow was earnestly searching for the Pole with a magnifying glass. . . . With each expedition came a sled bearing a barrel marked "gum-drops for the Eskimos." It was all amazingly funny to watch.

But the Pole and his Bear did not stay to watch! The two expeditions were due to meet at any moment in the center of the Field

—and Ham bolted for the Brown grandstand. At the same time Angel kissed his bearish paw to Aurora and departed solemnly on all fours for a distant corner. So that when the "race for the Pole" arrived at its destination they were confronted with the altogether delightful spectacle of Dandy doing a toe dance all by himself out in the open. This feature of the program was a purely spontaneous offering on Dandy's part, and it appeared to please the audience so much that the two rival expeditions forgot the terrific battle which should have been staged between them.

It seemed as though the people in the stands could not possibly laugh any more—Jimmy had given up trying to long ago—but in a moment another gale of laughter swept the Field.

Angel was enthusiastically trying to climb up the north goal post—the *north* goal post! His whole attitude was eloquent of the fact that others might look for the Pole all they wanted to, but he had found the real North Pole! He finally got down and scratched his back on it, and the climax of the afternoon's entertainment was reached at that point.

And now it was Omega Lambda Chi Day and Jimmy was certain that tremendous things would take place. Even Miss Jane Dixwell had signified her intention of coming over to look on.

This Omega Lambda Chi was an annual celebration purporting to commemorate the abolition of the Freshman Societies, and took its name from a mythical society, which, never having existed, could not be abolished. Traditionally it was the occasion for a parade of the entire College, ending in a tug-of-war between the Freshmen and the Sophomores, and such other minor interclass encounters as discretion might dictate—but when Sparrow put his hand to it it became primarily a Senior masquerade! The entire Senior class came out in costume, and Jimmy nearly ran his feet off in his efforts not to miss anything.

The outstanding feature of it was the base-ball game on the Campus between the Whiffenpoofs and the Mohicans, won by the Whiffenpoofs "on points"—whatever that might mean—in the course of which Curly distinguished himself by stealing home, from

first! That was one of the "points" the Whiffenpoofs made so much noise about. The fact that when the scorer went off to see about the band the score was forty-two to nothing in favor of the Mohicans did not seem to enter into their calculations!

There was some truth of course in the Whiffenpoofs' contention that the score would not have been so great if, every time a Mohican got on base, at least three others had not run around the diamond with him. And as Angel said to Ham, who was theoretically pitching for the Whiffenpoofs, "Look here, Leonard, are you with us or against us?"

"Darned if I know!" replied Ham. "Who's at bat?"

The game broke up after Sparrow had gone in to pitch—Ham having decided that he wanted to play what he called "cover point" —when on a "lightning throw" of Sparrow's to catch a man at second who had gone over to third to borrow a match, the Mohican at bat struck at it! That was really the "point" which gave the game to the Whiffenpoofs in

the estimation of public opinion perched along the fence!

It was at that moment that Dandy came up to Curly where he was standing by the fence and poked him in the ribs.

"Pretty warm!" he remarked, but Curly supposed that he was referring to the weather, so that he did not see Angel laughing his head off—nor did he even turn around to look at Miss Jane Dixwell who was standing just behind him in the crowd!

The parade was led by Dandy dressed as Salome—with a mortar-board cap perched on top of his wig! No one but Baxter could possibly have conceived the note struck by that mortar board! It simply *made* the costume.

And later on, after the tug-of-war, on the Campus, he danced . . . and the Dean laughed.

It was when they were getting ready to go to bed that night that the thought came to Angel. He had not considered it before particularly—but now all of a sudden the reality faced him starkly.

"Oh, Curly!" he called from his bedroom.

"Yeah," came the answer.

"Do you know this is our last party? It's all over. . . ."

"What's all over?" asked Curly.

"Senior year," Angel said. "In a month or so we'll be gone—our next costumes will be caps and gowns on Class Day!"

"Don't be such a gloom!" growled Curly, and put out his light. But a little later he called to Angel in the dark.

"Angel. . . ."

"Yeah!" very sleepily.

"They all seem to get over it!"

"Over what?"

"The fellers who have graduated," Curly explained. "I guess they all feel pretty poor when they leave—but they get over it right away. It's just like changing into a new suit I expect. . . ."

"Yeah—I guess so. . . ."

"Well—goo' night, little feller. . . ."

"Goo' night, Teddy. . . ."

CHAPTER VIII

"HUSH STUFF"

THEY had rollicked and reveled to their hearts' content on Omega Lambda Chi Night, and the May mornings were following each other in glorious succession—but here they all were again as serious as could be—there was a something in the air—the Juniors were all whispering among themselves—even the Sophomores seemed to know.

"Now where the devil did I put my derby?" Jimmy heard Angel ask Curly one Thursday noon. He was dressed all in black, and Curly was changing into his dark suit too.

It was Tap Day.

Jimmy knew all about everything in college —and it was always an extraordinary thing to him how no one ever took anything very seriously. These young men came there every year apparently for the purpose of laughing at

each other, and if you stuck around long enough you found out all about everything, even Fraternities.

"There ain't a thing about it I don't know," Jimmy would assure At up on York Street. "You ask your brother if it ain't so. I tell ya, I got it all doped out——"

"You mean, stick with you and I'll wear diamonds!" At used to laugh at him.

And yet here was one thing he knew very little about, come to think of it—this Tap Day business. Something you never found out much about either, no matter how long you stuck around. And something moreover which they all seemed to take pretty seriously when the moment came every year!

What a time it had been last year, for instance. . . .

"That's all right," he had heard Angel say one evening in May of their Junior year. "He's on every dope sheet—but I think he's going to miss out!"

"You never can tell," Curly had replied. "He's a dark horse all right, but you know he's in strong with Webb and that bunch. Ham's

got him down on his list for Keys, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if High Street went after him."

"Well, believe me," Angel went on. "If he's wise he'll take the first thing that comes and not run any chances. I think he's cooked if he doesn't go early. . . ."

Jimmy had known of course what Curly and Angel were talking about. It had to do with Tap Day, and elections to the Senior Societies—and he understood that the whole Junior class was simmering with "dope," poring over lists of possibilities for the three secret societies, and figuring out its chances.

And he understood besides that some of them were not bothering much about it personally, either because they felt pretty sure of themselves, "barring an upset," or because they realized without any further argument that they did not have "a ghost of a chance" —while others again were staying awake nights because they knew themselves to be "on the ragged edge."

But the why and the wherefore of all these things, and the private doings of these Soci-

eties, were a mystery to him. It was all "hush stuff" of the deepest sort—very secret, and doubtless very terrifying!

This was all in the days when Alumni Hall was still standing on the Campus, and the customs surrounding these Societies were still in full sway—and of course Jimmy had steeped himself in all that was to be learned about them outwardly, enhanced by highly imaginative conjecture!

Freshmen always had extraordinary things to tell about them, beginning "They say . . ." and ending in some outlandish piece of medievalism! A man, an outsider, had gotten into Bones once, and had *never been seen again!* General consternation! And Jimmy would be too excited to consider how, if he had never been seen again, they had found out that he had gotten in! Again—what did anybody know about "the sixteenth man in Keys," the man whose election was never announced! And so on endlessly through all the improbabilities of legendary lore.

Mr. Drummond and Mr. Sayre of last

year's Senior class, who had "run" Curly and Angel for Deke, belonged, the former to Skull and Bones and his roommate to Scroll and Key —and Jimmy had carefully observed their speech and behavior for some clue to all these mysteries, but with very little result.

He had stood in the crowd, to be sure, on Initiation Night and watched them being taken in—and gee whiz, that had been thrilling enough! The Bones tomb was over on High Street, just off the Campus—a blood-curdling sight of itself to a little boy of twelve, with its massive windowless brownstone front, and its shadowy portal with the big black door —and never a sound from inside!

Mr. Drummond had waited for his turn to come on the Campus, in a dark suit and hatless—then he had walked across the street and up the stone path to the steps through a lane of cheering classmates and stopped in front of the door. . . .

And then, oh terror and mystery—the door had swung open a little way, a hand and a bare forearm had reached out slowly through the opening, grabbed Mr. Drummond by the

left shoulder, and fairly yanked him off his feet into the building! Ooo! "Pulling them into Bones," the College called it.

"*Look* out, Benny!" everybody in the crowd had shouted. "He's after you—*there* he comes—zowie!" And they had all laughed at Mr. Drummond's disappearing heels—but it seemed no laughing matter to Jimmy!

Over at Keys, on College Street, they did it differently. It was an ivy-covered building standing all alone in its own lot, and you had to go up a flight of stone stairs to reach the door. Jimmy ran over just in time to see Billy Sayre going in. They passed in one by one in groups of five—in complete silence. Gee!

He never found out what went on over at Wolf's Head on that evening out on Prospect Street. And up on York Street at the Elihu Club they did nothing in particular. The men just went up the steps one by one, in dinner jackets, and rang the bell and went in. It was an ordinary house, not a tomb, which they used for several years before moving into the historic old "Tory Tavern" on Elm Street

facing the Green—the tavern which had served as Headquarters for the British when they took the town during the Revolution.

This club was the non-secret Senior organization which at that time still gave out its elections by mail after Tap Day—when the other three "tapped" their Juniors—and except for the fact that they met on Thursdays and Saturdays like the others there were no special manifestations connected with their doings.

Jimmy had heard that they kept in their possession the great battle club captured from the oyster-men in a long forgotten riot, and preserved it, heavily mounted in silver—but even this was a rumor merely, and there were wise ones who pronounced it a myth arising from the existence in the club of a mace bearing silver plates for each class.

And there it was! That was all that Jimmy knew about them all—oh well, no, there were other details, but they gave absolutely no clue to the inner meaning of things.

For instance, Jimmy had seen the gold pins —the "bugs" as the College called them—and

he knew that they were never without them, and put them in their mouths when they were changing their clothes or taking a shower. Billy Sayre had nearly swallowed his once! They were gold emblems corresponding to the names of the Societies, just like the cuts in the college annual above the fifteen names in heavy black type—and in the old days they had been accustomed to wear them in their ties. Incidentally the Elihu Club was the only crowd that took in a varying number of men every year, sometimes as many as twenty —the others always took fifteen men apiece without fail.

Then, of course, they never referred to their Societies in public—that was the trouble! In the Fraternities sooner or later they let things out in conversation for a quick-witted little boy to catch—but these Senior Society men never peeped! And on Thursday nights when they came back from their Society meetings at half past twelve they did not talk to anyone, not even to their own roommates—theoretically!

And always dark suits and derbies. There

was an idiotic tradition at one time that if a Junior wore black shoes, a stand-up collar, and a derby he was "heeling" Bones—but if he wore a soft shirt, brown boots, and a derby, then he was "heeling" Keys! The converse of this theory, namely that Bones and Keys men spent their time making notes of the sartorial appearance of prominent Juniors, should have been enough to kill it—but fanciful "dope" of this sort died hard.

There was one feature of this coming home from meetings on Thursdays however which seemed to Jimmy to be full of charm. This was the ceremony over on College Street, sometimes referred to as Keys Singing—and Jimmy was by no means the only person who used to saunter over there on a pleasant evening and stand across the street and listen.

At about half past twelve or a little after things began to happen. Sometimes on a very still night Sparrow and Dandy used to swear that they had heard the strains of a chant inside, and a bell tolling.

"Sort of silvery sound . . ." they would insist.

"Locomotive down in the yards!" Angel used to assure them. . . .

Then all of a sudden the door would open, and the fifteen men filed out one by one, with a shuffling of feet on the stone step. They lined up at the top of the stairs facing the building, and after the door had closed behind the last man they sang—an old, old song called "The Troubadour," all in unison on the verse, biting off the ends of the lines—and then the chorus in harmony, with the tenors high up, thrilling in the night. You could hear them way over on the Campus if you listened—

> . . . singing from *Pa*lestine!
> H*ither* I come!
> Lady Love, Lady Love!
> We-el*come* me home!

Then usually someone in one of the Scientific School fraternity houses across the street would start an alarm clock going outside his window—but at that it was difficult to spoil the effect of that song.

When they had finished they came down and lined up two by two in the street, and the fifteenth man closed the swinging gates—to

show that there was no one in the building said the College—and took his place in front. Stamp—stamp—stamp he went with his left foot and then they were off for the Campus, all tramping in unison down the street.

Jimmy thought that this was all quite superb and frowned upon a handful of turbulent Sophomores one night who followed Keys home, singing, "Oh, we are the volunteers . . . " at the top of their lungs!

And five minutes later Wolf's Head would come swinging by on the way back from Prospect Street, but they never tramped as they marched. On the last Thursday before Tap Day almost the whole Junior class used to go and watch Keys "come out"—and then there was just time to rush breathlessly up to Wolf's Head and catch them lining up outside their big gates. Then as likely as not the Juniors would line up behind them and follow them home!

Well, when the season for violent "dope sessions" had come around in Curly's Junior year, Jimmy had found himself really very much in the midst of things. He was a very

canny little boy who knew exactly how to make himself inconspicuous on the corner of a window-seat—and although much of their talk was quite meaningless to him, still it was tremendously fascinating to hear it all, and "get all the dope."

It seemed that the great excitement in their immediate circle centered around Angel and Sparrow. Sparrow was threatening to throw down Keys and wait for Bones, to the unending despair of his roommate Dandy—and Angel was being terribly "cagy" about it and could not make up his mind what he wanted. Ham and Curly were supposed to be "headed straight for Bones."

"Why, you poor fish," Curly would laugh. "Of course I'm going Bones! Did you ever see a football captain who didn't go Bones? I'll probably be the last man tapped and get cheered by my class—they always do in all the stories!"

When they politely pointed out to him that probably many football captains had "missed out," he simply grinned at them.

"Just because your father and your brother

Sid are in there," Dandy would lecture him, "and about seventy-five uncles and cousins, you needn't think they're going to hand it to you on a silver plate, you know! You may be the great upset of the year!"

"Yes, I wouldn't be so darn conceited, if I were you!" Ham chimed in. Ham always took Curly so much more seriously than he should have! "If the dope gets around that you think yourself a dead certainty, you're liable to fall on your ear on Tap Day, just as sure as shooting!"

"Oh, don't pay any attention to Corliss!" Angel begged them. "He's just shooting off his face to hear himself talk. He's scared blue really—when he says he's going Bones, he simply means that he would like very much to go Bones—don't you, you poor old broken down athlete? Let's talk about me. . . ."

"Well, what about you?" Sparrow asked him, and Jimmy could see Dandy watching him closely out of the corners of his eyes.

"Well, I—don't—know!" Angel grinned. "I'm awful liable to take the first thing that comes—and that's what I advise you to do,

Sparrow my boy! Dandy, if you want to know something, you'd better listen to me!"

"Well, what?" replied Dandy. "I know it's time you made up your mind what you're going to do. . . ."

"Always providing he gets tapped at all," put in Curly. "I don't see why you should go anything, Benson, just because you're President of the Glee Club—unless Keys needs you to sing tenor over there on Thursday nights! Of course, you room with me, and that ought to help you. . . ."

"Ham, kick him, will you?" said Angel. "Look here, Sparrow, seriously, you're not going to be a darn fool on Tap Day, are you?"

"How would I be a darn fool?" asked Sparrow, and again Jimmy saw Dandy watching every expression on his face.

"Well, frankly," continued Angel, "if Keys come for you pretty early, I think you'd be a darn fool to throw them down. We all know Dandy's going—he'll probably be the first man tapped—I should think you two would stick together, and as for High Street, if you're flirting with the idea of going there, your

chances are as thin as the paper on the wall, if you don't mind my saying so—yes, I know all about your uncle, but you don't have to switch away from your own crowd just because you've got an uncle somewhere else!"

"I've been telling him that all week," said Dandy. "But he won't listen to me. For Heaven's sake try and make him listen to reason!"

"You mean Gorton's codfish for mine!" smiled Sparrow. "No bones . . ."

Jimmy was quite breathless over all this. There was something very deep here under the banter—Jimmy did not quite understand, but Mr. Baxter was profoundly moved. Jimmy knew vaguely that the Keys crowd in that Junior class was centered around Dandy, and that he was trying to persuade Mr. Scott to come with them. But he could not see why it mattered so much—why, they had "gone" different fraternities back there in Sophomore year without any of this todo. . . .

"Scott!" said Curly all of a sudden, staring at the ceiling. "I swore I wouldn't make out a dope sheet some time ago, or get mixed up in

any of this bickering. It just keeps you out of bed and doesn't get you anywhere—but I fell for it finally, of course."

"Well?" said Sparrow.

"Well," went on Curly, "you know our class is a pretty easy one to dope out. Now last year it was all up in the air and the dope was all spilled, but it's different with us. There are so darned many good men that there isn't room for them. Barring some extraordinary slip up, there aren't more than one or two doubtful places in either Bones, Keys, or Wolf's Head. . . ."

"Well?" said Sparrow again, and Dandy got up and leaned against the mantelpiece, staring at him.

"Well," said Curly, very slowly, still looking at the ceiling. "I've doped it all out pretty close —and I've got you down on the Keys list!"

Gee whillikens, thought Jimmy, this was exciting! He did not understand very well, but he felt that vitally important things were being said at the moment in this crowded little room. They had obviously forgotten all about him.

"There you are!" exclaimed Dandy. "There you are! I'd bet my eye teeth on Curly's list. . . ."

The others said nothing at all, and Sparrow looked out of the window while he lit a cigarette. Then he turned to Curly again.

"And where have you got Benson?" he asked.

Gracious, Jimmy said to himself, they weren't getting angry at each other were they? They all looked awfully set about the jaws all of a sudden!

Curly glanced at Angel before replying, and Angel nodded to him.

"Go on, Ted, tell us. . . ."

"I've put Benson down for Keys," said Curly. "And for substitute on the Bones list —and to my way of thinking there's only one doubtful place in Bones if you want to know."

"That's darn nice of you, Corliss, I'm sure!" laughed Angel. "I guess all this chatter is getting pretty deep, but Curly and I understand how we stand. Get this, Baxter— I want to go Keys, there—and that leaves that doubtful place in Bones, Sparrow—but take it

from me, I'll take the first thing that comes, and darn glad too!"

"And if you've got any sense, Scott," added Dandy, "*you'll* take the first thing that comes —and if I know anything at all it will be Keys —there!"

"First thing you know, you won't any of you get anything!" laughed Sparrow. "Except old Ham—and he's the only one who hasn't said anything. Ham, you old owl, will you talk to me on Thursday nights next year when you're a big frat man and I'm nothing at all—will you?"

Grunts from Ham by way of reply.

"Oh, say!" exclaimed Dandy. "I wish you'd do something for me, Ham. You know that yarn we heard about there being a picture of Napoleon in the bathroom over in Bones—well, by jinks, next year you tell me about that, will you? I'll just come up to you on the Campus, see, and say 'Is there?' And then you nod or shake your head!"

"You go to hell!" said Ham.

"Well, you needn't be so unreasonable about it!" complained Dandy. "It isn't as

though I were asking you to reveal any of your horrible secrets! I'll tell you any little thing you want to know about Keys!"

"Yes, you will!" laughed Curly. "Wish you'd tell me what C. S. P., C. C. J. mean!"

"Oh, it tells all about them in what's-his-name's book," said Angel. "And about Three Twenty-Two on the Bones pin——"

"Year Demosthenes or somebody was born, isn't it?" asked Sparrow.

"Oh, rats!" exclaimed Ham. "Combination on the door more likely!"

"Well, I don't care about all that," insisted Dandy. "But I do want to know about that picture of Napoleon—remember, Ham! Come on, Sparrow, let's slip the sheets—do you know what time it is?'

"All right," Sparrow agreed yawning. "Oh, say, have you heard the song Bill and Harry were singing? I don't remember all the words —something about 'on Thursday night I'm all alone, when I ought to be over at Skull and Bone . . .' It's a bear, you want to get them to sing it for you!"

"Oh, but have you heard Stuff Tibbott's song?" asked Curly. "How does it go—

I saw Aristides taken into Bones,
And I hailed this pleasant fact in joyful tones—
But when Alcibiades had the nerve to throw down Keys,
And when Pericles went Wolf's Head, there were groans.

We ought to get him to sing it on Tap Day!"

"Well, s'long. . . ."

And that was the way of it, Jimmy thought to himself. It was always so tantalizing. They talked and talked about it all when they were Juniors without ever getting anywhere—and then when they were Seniors and knew all about it, they shut up like clams!

Well, Tap Day had come around finally that year, and Jimmy was just as excited as though he were going to be tapped himself. A notice had appeared in the *Daily News* to the effect that Tap Day would be held "in the customary manner—" and all the Junior crowds in the Fraternities had had their farewell parties.

Jimmy overheard Angel telling Sparrow

how at the banquet up in Deke they had sung jokingly at Curly—

> . . . here's to Ted Corliss,
> He's with us to-night—
> For he's a possibility,
> For he's a possibility. . . .

And then they had sung the Keys song, "in the customary manner. . . ."

The Thursday dawned, a glorious morning in May, and the College went about its business and classroom affairs pretending it was not thinking of anything else—while Mory's filled up with graduates come up from New York for the event.

And with the approach of five o'clock, the crowd began to gather around the Tap Day Oak in front of Durfee—graduates, undergraduates, unconcerned Seniors, spectators from the town—girls, sisters, cousins, come up with Mother to see the family honor vindicated! It was a good deal of a Roman holiday in those days, with the roadway around the Campus lined with hacks! Jimmy remembered Miss Jane Dixwell had been there, and Mr. Drummond's sister with Mrs. Sayre—and

the whole Baxter family—and a host of derbied Bones Corlisses——

And then the Juniors, in little groups, hatless for the first time in their college course, very brushed as to hair, and smoking incessant half-finished cigarettes.

Jimmy, hanging around outside Curly's room, saw him come out with Angel.

"Well, little feller, good luck!" he smiled.

"Thanks, Ted, same to you," Angel replied. "But I guess I might as well congratulate you now, and be the first!"

"Knock on wood!" laughed Curly. "Hello, there's my brother Sid—didn't know he was coming up—suppose that's a good sign?"

Angel spied Jimmy signaling good wishes, and all in a moment Jimmy had found himself thrust into a position of prominence—right into the deepest center of things, by jiminy!

"Hello, kid," said Angel. "You want to do something for me? Chase yourself up into the tree and watch what happens in the crowd, see? Keep tabs on them as they go, and sing out who it is when somebody gets tapped off in the crowd—get me?"

Gee whiz! Jimmy had not needed to be told a second time! He squirmed his way through the dense crowd and pulled himself astride the crooked, low-hanging limb above their heads. How exciting it had been—gee whiz, him taking part in it all—and he had felt right away that his information might be the means of determining destinies. . . .

From where he sat, Jimmy could see it all—the great throng, stirring uneasily—the roadway filled with spectators and little groups of graduates consulting together earnestly—the windows in Durfee packed with people, and a man sitting on a window-ledge, scanning the crowd through a pair of opera-glasses—and then the entrance between Durfee and the Chapel through which the Keys and Wolf's Head men would come, and the other one over by Dwight Hall where the Bones men would appear.

Down below him were all his young men—Dandy and Sparrow and a bunch in one group forming a ring—and right next to them Curly and Ham and Angel—for Angel had wanted to stand with Curly although they were probably going different ways.

And Jimmy saw how Dandy was whispering in Sparrow's ear—and how Ham was nervously chewing gum—and how a graduate came piling through the chapel entrance and pushed his way into an entry and three steps at a time up into a room in Durfee—probably the room with the private wire. . . .

Jimmy was getting so excited he could hardly see straight and all the concentrated suspense from the crowd below him arose about his little towhead like a cloud of intoxicating incense.

It was ten minutes of five. . . .

Suddenly Jimmy heard a stir in the crowd behind him. . . . Three derbied Seniors were coming through the chapel entrance, a Keys man and two Wolf's Head men. They stalked along in silence, looking straight ahead of them, and plunged into the crowd. The Keys man elbowed his way along, pushing this way and that, his face expressionless, his gaze fixed, but Jimmy saw that he was all the time looking, looking for someone.

Then a silence fell on the crowd. The Keys man had swung around sharply and

stopped a few inches behind a Junior, and was standing very straight, his arms by his sides, his eyes riveted on the back of the Junior's head.

". . . He's standin' behind Mr. Scott!" Jimmy announced, and Angel turned around to grin at Sparrow who was trying to pretend he did not know there was somebody almost breathing down the back of his neck! Dandy for his part was also grinning from ear to ear, actually oblivious for a second or two of the fact that there was now another Keys man standing behind *him*.

In the silence a girl, in a window in Durfee, giggled.

"My, isn't it ex*ci*ting!" she tittered. "Do look at that funny man in the derby—he's just *tearing* around, walking all over everybody!"

It was three minutes of five. . . .

"There's a Bones man comin'!" piped Jimmy. . . .

Ding—dang—dong—ding—went the beginning of the chapel chimes, and simultaneously the sound of hands slapping on shoulders, and nervous voices——

"*Go* to your room—go t'your *room!*" and a great roar of cheering. The first men had been tapped and the crowd was opening up lanes for Juniors, followed by the Seniors who had tapped them, headed for their rooms.

"Pretty work, Bill—oh, *fine* business, Harry —Yeay *Pete*. . . ." And as they emerged from the crowd the people in the windows began to clap. There had already been a "throw down," and "dope sheets" were being hastily revised—the crowd was seething again.

But Dandy and Sparrow went off side by side, Sparrow with his head down, running, and Dandy laughing happily, trying to shake hands with him.

"Sparrow Scott—Keys!" screamed Jimmy, and Curly and Angel and the rest of them danced up and down and cheered—Good old Sparrow—Gosh, Dandy would be pleased—Yeay, Sparrow!

In a few moments the Juniors who had been tapped reappeared on the Campus, while the Seniors marched off to their tombs—and then such a shaking of hands and slapping of backs

in the crowd! The Junior very diffident, trying not to appear excited!

"Thank you, Bill—thanks very much, Ted —has Harry gone yet—I nearly jumped out of my skin when he hit me, gosh, my back's sore yet . . ."

Meanwhile Tap Day was following its normal course. Seniors were coming fast, and the crowd was full of derbied figures plowing restlessly back and forth, looking for their men. Here and there a graduate was surging straight ahead, with a great play of elbows, intent on some mission. A Bones Senior was prowling around Ham, but he turned suddenly and tapped somebody else, and Ham made a funny face at Curly. Some of them were beginning to look nervous there in the crowd, and friends were rallying each other——

"How're you coming, Bunny—lots of time yet . . ."

Once in a while amid the slapping and the sharp cries of "Go to your room!" there would be a scuffle, and a Senior would try to push a reluctant Junior out of the crowd.

"Take it, take it—" his friends would urge

him—and then perhaps there would be a "throw down," or the Junior would finally make up his mind to accept it.

In between times, while waiting for the next flurry, there would be a feverish comparison of lists and a sounding of hearts!

"Only three places left!" Jimmy heard in the crowd. "My Lord, why don't they hurry up!"

But it was a very quick Tap Day that year for all that. It was only about half past five when Jimmy heard a Sophomore call out, "Two places in Bones—three places in Wolf's Head—Keys full, all but the last man. . . ."

Jimmy had been so busy watching, and shouting the names of the men as they went, that he had lost count entirely. Only a few places left, and there were Ham and Curly and Angel still waiting—Angel who had said he wanted Keys, and only one place left—gee whiz!

Then a lot of things happened very quickly. Ham was looking at Curly and shaking his head, and Curly had his mouth open to say something to him—when Slap! Slap! Curly

and Ham were both tapped together. Jimmy had not even seen the Seniors coming.

"Yeay, Mr. Corliss!" he squealed, but he was drowned out in a great roar from the crowd.

"Ham Leonard has gone Wolf's Head. . . ."

"Nothing doing on that picture of Napoleon!" Ham managed to say to Dandy as he passed him on the way to his room.

But Jimmy was watching Angel. One place in Bones, one place in Keys—gee! And then suddenly Jimmy saw two Seniors headed straight for him—apparently—Mr. Drummond from Bones, and Mr. Sayre from Keys. Jimmy never doubted for a second but what they were *both* coming for Angel!

Mr. Drummond was cleaving a way for himself straight through the crowd—headed for Stuff Tibbott as a matter of fact—while Mr. Sayre seemed to be going around in a circle, unable to find his Junior. Once again to Jimmy's mind there could be only one man they were both coming for—and Angel had said he wanted Keys but would take the first thing that came—and Mr. Drummond from Bones would certainly get there first!

Jimmy never hesitated a second. He stood right up on his branch and piped——

"Here he is, Mr. Sayre—Mr. Benson's right here waitin' for ya——"

Billy Sayre probably never even heard him in the general uproar, but he suddenly spotted his man and came straight for Angel.

And that is how Angel Benson was the last man tapped for Keys that year—and gee whiz, Jimmy guessed he had saved the day for him all right!

And there he was going off now in his dark suit and derby—and Jimmy wondered if he remembered. But of course it was different from that affair up on York Street with Mr. Corliss—you simply could *not* even hint to Mr. Benson about these deeper Tap Day Mysteries!

CHAPTER IX

GROUND FLOOR FRONT

"HAD that cup of tea yet?" Angel asked Curly casually a week or so later. He was sitting on their window-seat on the ground floor of Vanderbilt watching a game of Senior baseball in the Court.

"Not yet!" Curly admitted from the Morris chair. "How many seconds have *you* had?"

"Never you mind," Angel evaded the question. "Not much time left for you I should say! Gosh, in other years we'd have been bickering now about where to live next year! Never again. . . ."

"I bet you live on the ground floor for the rest of your life, anyway!" laughed Curly.

It had always been a joke with everyone that because they had had to live on the top floor of Garland's rooming house in Freshman year, Curly and Angel had gone out of their

way thereafter to live on the ground floor of every other dormitory which they had inhabited!

And what a great question that had always been at the end of the year—"Where are we going to hang out?"

In those days the two lower classes still lived out around town, the Freshmen on York Street, and the Sophomores over on Crown Street—thereby adding a long breathless block to the distance they had to cover every morning to get to Chapel—and rooming arrangements for those years were largely a matter of individual argument with proprietors of private rooming-houses such as Garland's—Mister G's—and the so-called "Hutches," Big and Little.

Decisions in such cases depended a good deal on who else was in the building, and particularly in Sophomore year on the ability to get a congenial crowd together to fill up a Crown Street house after all the rooms in the "Hutch" were gone.

"I've been looking all over for you—the Hutch is full. . . ."

"Then we'd better nail those rooms in Two Sixty. . . ."

"And have that bunch of rum-hounds crashing around all the time—you know, Guthrie and his gang—they're on the second floor. . . ."

"Oh rats! We'll get Bill and Harry and take the whole top floor and be all by ourselves —I'd rather do that than have those back rooms of Mrs. Whats-her-name's any day. . . ."

"Yeah, I guess that's the best dope—and Sid and Bunny and all that bunch are in Two Fifty-Eight—I'll see Harry over at Math. and fix it up. . . ."

Then with upperclassdom came the long deferred privilege of living in the more sought after dormitories on the Campus—the Juniors in the Oval, and in Durfee and Welsh Halls—the Seniors some of them in the Oval, and in Connecticut Hall, and of course in Vanderbilt with its arch and its court. Choices for rooms in these buildings were given out by lot, and here again on the efforts to secure "a landing all together," without having to go to the top of one of the Oval dormitories,

seemed to depend all the pleasure of the coming year!

And then there were so many other considerations—baths, noisy street car lines, sunlight——

"Who wants to live in Welsh?" Curly always maintained. "The baths are all in the basement. . . ."

"Well, good Heavens!" Angel would retort. "It's the same in Durfee, except for the showers—and if you get stuck in an entry near the Chapel you'll have the bell clanging in your ear every quarter of an hour all through the night. . . ."

"I wouldn't mind that," Curly would reply, "half as much as having to listen to you bellowing at Choir practice. . . ."

That had been when they were preparing for Junior year, and the next spring the same arguments arose again.

"Oh come on, you poor boob!"—this from Angel. "Don't go to Vanderbilt! It's noisy as the devil, with Chapel Street and the street cars. . . ."

"Well, my Lord, the street car on Elm

Street is a darn sight noisier if you live in the Oval!"

"The hell it is! The whole class ought to be in the Oval—there's plenty of room, whereas Vanderbilt just splits it up. The others have to live in the Oval anyway, or in Connecticut, and you know how it'll be—once you're in Vanderbilt you'll never see the fellers that live in the Oval—it's too darn far away!"

"Well, of course, if you're so lazy you can't walk across the Campus to see your classmates you're in a pretty bad way. The place to live in Senior year is the Campus, Vanderbilt or Connecticut. . . ."

"*Connecticut!*" Angel would exclaim. "Why, the rooms are so small you can't stretch without skinning your knuckles on the wall! If you want to live in Connecticut, Corliss, you can do it by yourself. . . ."

"Well, it's the oldest building on the Campus!" was Curly's defense. "It's full of history and tradition. . . ."

"Oh, blow tradition! I want a decent place to live. . . ."

"Well, wherever it is, it's got to be on the ground floor!" They were always unanimous on that point!

All these things made it a very complicated business to say nothing of the throes of packing and moving—a performance accomplished somewhat loosely by sundry proprietors of moving vans during the summer with astonishingly few losses—or the still more depressing throes of coming into a new set of rooms in the fall, with the books and the furniture and the pictures all piled ceiling high in the middle of the dusty floor! The bed always at the bottom of the heap, and your roommate's bookshelves scattered around everywhere.

"Ay, Klig! *Kli*german!" came the cry from many a dormitory window. "Where the devil's my mattress?" while the stone stair wells resounded with appeals for the "sweep."

"Oh, jani*tor!* Got a hammer. . . ."

And of course the process grew more and more involved every year, until that final packing up at the end of Senior year, when wooden cases had to be really nailed up and pictures carefully stowed, because they were

being sent away for good this time, and not just across the Campus in a wagon.

It was interesting to see how the appearance of a room furnished a silent proof of the owner's progress through college, and of his position in the class, and Jimmy was an adept at interpreting these subtleties. You could have set Jimmy down blindfolded in any undergraduate's room, and upon releasing his sharp little blue eyes he would have told you at once the occupant's class and history from a quick survey of the "truck" on his walls and on his mantelpiece.

Freshman rooms were always the least interesting to Jimmy. Some prep school flags, a very new class banner, and as likely as not a college seal stamped on leather. Everybody in town tried to sell Freshmen something for their rooms—beginning with the Sophomores who tried to sell them the steam radiators!—and when it was not college seals stamped on leather, it was a set of books —"Bound in buckram—with all the original illustrations—an extraordinary offer . . ."

Posters, too, and heads of girls done into

colors by favorite cover illustrators of the day. And a pipe rack, consisting of a row of monks' heads, or a row of skulls—and a tobacco jar—green china ones from the Smoke Shop with the advice to "put your pipe in your face and look cheerful" done in raised letters across the front. And probably a chafing dish.

Then pillows—blue ones with the class numerals or the University letter on them in white felt—and leather ones, with Indian heads and fringes—or sporting ones displaying poker chips and beer steins, scattered playing cards and cigarette stubs, and a motto winding its way through these symbols, "In the midst of these, remember me!"—tribute from feminine cousins to the well known wiles of college life!

Many briar pipes lying about among the note books and papers—straight stems, curved stems, "poker" pipes, pipes with metal bands around the rim, pipes with class numerals worked in silver into the bowl—all manner of pipes, smoked incessantly indoors, and never—well, hardly ever—out of doors. For in

those days Freshmen were Freshmen, and it was forbidden to smoke pipes on the street, or sit downstairs at the Hyperion Theater, or use any part of the fence around the Campus.

Then as the year went by the group pictures began to appear, on dark mats in severe black wooden frames. Freshman teams, the Freshman Musical Clubs, rooming-house groups on the front steps—and of course the big class picture itself. Perhaps a University group or two, the Glee Club, or the Dramatic Association, or one of the very few University organizations open to Freshmen.

Here and there a blue numeral cap slung carelessly on top of a bookcase—or a black sweater with crimson numerals "swiped" from a visiting Freshman team, nailed to a door. And, the truth at all costs, not a few tin signs stolen from the rear of street cars on nights of youthful exuberance!

But Jimmy knew instinctively that in rooms where such trophies were exhibited there were apt to be fewer groups in black frames.

The Sophomore rooms were much more indicative of their owners, and the foreshadow-

ing of individual biographies could already be traced on their walls.

Gone some of the posters of Freshman year, to be replaced by classics such as Lorna Doone and sets of Remington, suggesting certainly the dawnings of a more æsthetic sense. More books, text-books, Kiplings, Stevensons, Poes —well, the beginnings of a library surely?— and the class banner not quite so new and not quite so conspicuous. Here and there a Vassar banner, or a Farmington pillow added to the pile on the window-seat, denoting summer vacation associations. More pictures of girls, too, in the back room, in silver frames, along with Mother and Father and Kid Sister.

Cigarette burns on the center table, and initials carved on the arms of the Morris chairs eloquent of crystallizing friendships. And then with the passing of the year, very definite additions to the aspect of the room.

There came a time in the fall when empty champagne bottles began to appear on mantelpieces—"hold-off bottles" given to Sophomores chosen by the Junior fraternities on the night of the "hold-off party" in honor of the

event—on whose labels appeared fraternity emblems and the signatures of the rest of the "bunch," under the name of the Junior who had given the hold off.

"Ted Corliss from Benny Drummond. . . ."

"William Sayre to Gerald Benson. . . ."

How Jimmy used to gaze at these, marveling at the heavily inked-in symbols, and wonder what it was all about!

At a later date these would be followed by other manifestations of a more permanent nature, paddles and shields. The paddles leaning up against the chimney, thin slabs of wood with a handle whose purpose was quite unmistakable, decorated pyrographically with names and dates and coats of arms, some of them really beautifully done—and the shields showing the fraternity emblem in brass on a wooden support, hung discreetly by the fireplace, one on each side. In the case of Curly and Angel the shields and paddles were identical, but in many instances they were different, showing where roommates had "split" on this matter of fraternities, like Sparrow and Dandy.

Then along in the Easter term came more picturesque things, essentially Sophomoric—cotillion favors from the Sophomore german, tinselly paper stars and sashes—and the high hats and canes of Washington's Birthday. Long ago when the undergraduates wore high hats and even played football in them, Washington's Birthday had been set as the date on which the Sophomores might appear at large for the first time arrayed in these appurtenances of manhood and carrying canes.

And when Curly and Angel were Sophomores there still used to be the Washington's Birthday Rush, when the Freshmen tried to win the Sophomore fence from the class above them—at which function the Sophomores appeared in high hats with the traditional canes. They wore them to Chapel that morning, coming in through the College Street entrance in a body, and while in these later days the hats were merely second-hand coachmen's hats, and the canes light bamboo sticks, still the Freshmen found more pleasure in securing samples of them as trophies than in winning the Rush itself—hence the habit of

the Sophomores of fastening the hats around their necks and even under their armpits with string! After the Rush the hats which had not been lost, and the canes which remained whole, were brought home and exhibited triumphantly from the gas fixtures.

Jimmy well remembered how Curly's class had not been content to wear them on the morning of the Rush, but held a parade in them on the evening before, which wound its way through York Street behind a base drum and precipitated as pretty an interclass pitched battle among the snowdrifts on Chapel Street as could be wished.

> Wake—*wake*—Freshman, *wake*—
> Wake while our song strikes the sky. . . .

They had sung the old song of the Sophomores with great gusto on the way through York Street, and then the familiar provocative chant:

"Oh, Fresh—put out that light! Oh, Fresh, put out that *light!* . . ."

So the Freshmen had put out their lights—and thrown all their crockery out of the

windows—and come pouring out to heave chunks of ice at their elders!

And by the end of the year of course there were many more black-framed pictures in these Sophomore rooms—University Squads——fraternity crowds—the University Glee Club special train with everyone on the steps of the "cattle car" in dressing gowns—perhaps the cast of a "Dramat" play. Here and there a University sweater—some Track cups—a coxswain's megaphone on top of a well littered desk—the beginnings of careers.

With Junior year there came a subtle change in the rooms. In the first place Jimmy noticed that they were all very much alike—alike as to shape and interior arrangements, alike as to permanent decorations, fireplaces, window-seats, wall space. College dormitory rooms, each with its closet and its mail box and its wainscoting.

There was an air of stability too about these rooms which lower classrooms had lacked. Sophomore rooms always had an "up in the air" look, as though the occupants

were just passing through, and all the doors stood open while the owners visited elsewhere! But these Junior rooms were being lived in, habits were forming, study hours planned in advance—and the doors were often closed while the inmates sat at their desks and discovered points of interest hitherto unsuspected in affairs of the classroom. The lengthening shelves of text-books told a tale of advancing courses, and the limits of more or less compulsory subjects now passed, the titles on the bindings reflected the mental trend of each newly fledged upper classman.

The Junior room was less of a museum and more of a home. Gone the Washington's Birthday hats and canes, gone many of the garish pillows—as likely as not the class banner had been relegated to the back room, and Lorna Doone, speaking allegorically, was giving place to Mona Lisa.

The shields and paddles, and the hold-off bottles were there still, but less conspicuously somehow—and there was liable to be only one girl in the back room, in a silver frame, along with Mother and Father and Kid Sister. Of

course it was not necessarily always the *same* girl!

And the black-framed groups hung closer on the walls. University Squads disappeared before University Teams—University Glee Clubs spread their shirt-fronted sequence across the mantelpiece—Junior Promenade Committees elbowed last year's Sophomore german—Calcium Light Night flashlights were wedged in among fraternity initiation plays.

And with the close of the year, when the management of undergraduate affairs passed into the hands of the incoming Seniors, more imposing pictures appeared—Editorial Boards—Athletic Committees—University Associations—careers achieved.

There was always an air of dignity, of efficient responsibility, about Junior rooms.

An air which disappeared entirely in an abode of Seniors. These worthies claimed as a privilege the right to return to their childhood days—for the last time—and Seniors might roller-skate and spin tops and roll hoops—and ride around on Pop Warner's express wagon!

"Oh, Bill Saunders!" the Chairman of the *News* would call up to the Crew Captain—something important no doubt—yes, very important! "Throw me down the key to my skates, will you!"

They conducted the affairs of the College with all the enthusiasm in the world, and the rooms still spoke reminiscently of tasks accomplished, but they took pleasure now in filling them with groups in fancy dress—and more than anything else, Senior rooms spoke of friendships and good fellowship. It was the apotheosis of the black-framed pictures, but they were entirely different pictures from those that had come before.

The important groups, which had brought gold watch charms and honors in their wake, were hung high along the cornices to make room for new ones, more highly cherished after all.

Little groups of seven or eight, in soft shirts on the fence—a landing, a dormitory entry, a "scrub" quartet, some club for the promotion of laughter—Hogans, Cup Men, Growlers, Friars, Lone Stars—slightly larger groups in

costume, at Mory's perhaps around the Senior Table, or in Vanderbilt Court under the tree —Mohicans, the Arctic Club, Omega Lambda Chi, Whiffenpoofs, Brown Derbies—such were the groups of Senior year—and in the back rooms many framed pictures of classmates.

Here and there, to be sure, an oar from a winning crew, or a victorious season's football, or a coxswain's rudder, and many silver cups —but in spite of his unbounded admiration for these things Jimmy knew instinctively that it was the small informal laughing groups which were the soul of a Senior room—and the arms of the battered old Morris chair, now entirely covered with initials.

And that was why Seniors were always strolling around arm in arm doing nothing in particular, while Juniors were always so terribly busy.

"Freshmen make a good deal of noise," Angel had remarked once, contemplating a smoke ring. "Sophomores start parades. Juniors get all set to run the College—and Seniors suddenly learn to enjoy it."

That had been the result of Jimmy's obser-

vation, but he expressed it quite differently to Miss Jane Dixwell.

"The first two years," he informed her, "they make a helluva row—the third year they're all busy heelin' somethin', an' the last year they ain't got nothin' to do after all but laugh!"

"Do they ever do any work?" laughed Miss Dixwell.

Curly and Angel had done all these things, and passed through all these phases in due course. After their first year in Garland's they had taken their sets of books bound in buckram, their pipe racks, and their black-framed groups to the ground floor of the "Hutch," where for a year Curly's University teams had it out with Angel's University Glee Clubs. The foreshadowing of careers on their walls was very definite—Curly the athlete and Angel the songster—and they had their full share of paddles and high hats and cotillion favors.

Junior year in turn found them established in another ground floor, in the middle entry of Durfee looking out on the Campus, and the

titles on the bindings of the new text-books told of many English courses and not a few history ones.

"Gosh! This is great stuff!" Angel would be always exclaiming from the depths of his Morris chair in front of the brick hearth—where the wood fire sent twinkling lights over what he solemnly called "our cups."

"Curly has seventeen and I have one!" he would explain, but then he excused the disparity by pointing out that "Curly had had to sweat blood to win his—but mine was *presented* to me!"

". . . The Freshman Glee Club to Gerald R. Benson—in grateful appreciation of his services as Coach. . . ."

And so on through to Senior year, when once again they had settled down in a ground floor suite, in what Angel was pleased to call Hell Entry, in Vanderbilt overlooking the Court.

And all that Jimmy had learned concerning the psychology of Senior rooms was proved again in their case. Curly was captain of the football team, and on the Senior Council, and

on the track team—and Angel was President of the Glee Club, and a *Record* editor, and manager of the baseball team. There were cups and footballs and serious groups a-plenty. "News heelers"—underclass reporters working their way through a *Daily News* Board Competition—knocked constantly at the outer door.

"Is Mr. Corliss in? Has he any football notices?"

"Is there any Glee Club dope for the *News*, Mr. Benson. . . . Thanks, please sign at the top."

But they were Hogans—Angel was a Cup Man and a Growler—and Curly was a Lone Star.

"The Lone Stars," he explained once, sitting on Angel's chest. "The Lone Stars is an organization which refrains from appearing more often in public, merely in order to give your bum University Quartet a chance. . . ."

And Angel had been a Polar Bear—Curly, Sparrow, and Ham had had themselves photographed in their "saintly expressions" as the Reception Committee of the College Tem-

perance Society—Dandy and Harry Ordway and Angel were Brown Derbies—and *those* were the things that you noticed in the room—along with Angel's enormous cheer leader's megaphone.

"You wouldn't get cheered half as much if it weren't for *me!*" he used to assure Curly. "You ought to be pretty proud you room with me!"

And in the back rooms there were many pictures of classmates, yes, but two in particular, one in each room above the desk. An enlargement of a snapshot of Curly coming around somebody's end in a football game, with a most ferocious expression on his face—"To Angel from Curly"—next to the big photograph of Miss Doris Ramsdell in the silver frame. And the other a flashlight of Angel singing "Toyland" on the fence, with his head up and his eyes shut—"From Gerald for Ted."

And in each room moreover a big picture of a little boy holding a bull pup, taken out on the Senior fence—Champ grinning broadly at the world, and Jimmy enormously self conscious!

Jimmy viewed this front room of theirs with a feeling little short of veneration, and he liked nothing better than to drift from wall to wall, and from bookcase to mantelpiece, conning over for the hundredth time the record of his two beloved young men.

"Ya oughta see your brother's room!" he would say repeatedly to young At over on York Street. "Gee, it's slick—pictures an' pictures—an' all his footballs with the scores on 'em—an' he's a Hogan an' lots of other things—he sure is a big man. An' Mr. Benson too—guess you'll never be a big man like them, will ya?"

Whereupon Jimmy would depart in haste before At's threatening "Is that *so?*"

Incidentally Jimmy's verdict on At as delivered one day to Curly was that "the kid's all right, Mr. Corliss—he's got plenty of pep, an' loads of ambish!"

CHAPTER X

THE LAST PARADE

AND now June was approaching, bringing with it Commencement, and Jimmy noticed that they all spent more time together under the tree in Vanderbilt Court, and strolled lingeringly along the stone-flagged Campus walks. Commencement time had always been a period of unbounded enjoyment for Jimmy—but this year it would be different. It would never be the same again without Curly and Angel, and next year, except perhaps for At, he would be simply a newsie again.

The "big year" was ending, and Jimmy knew that he too was graduating.

But in the meantime Curly was not finding his lady, to claim that cup of tea, and Dandy and Angel were growing fat laughing at him behind his back!

Curly realized that Angel had been quite

right—he did not have a chance of finding her. The anonymity of the letter and the very casual references to his person had really intrigued him, and he would have enjoyed finding this Goddess in the Machine, if only to "put one over on Benson,"—or so he pretended to himself,—but he could get absolutely no hint as to her identity.

Jimmy, heavily subsidized by Angel and threatened with execution by Dandy, was a blank on the subject, and there had been no license number taken on the day of the accident, so there was no way of spotting the car. And of course Mr. Corliss had been too busy hitherto with out-of-town girls to be bothered with local talent, so that he had no friends in town to set him on a likely track. He began to wish very fervently now that he had not so consistently scorned "this Whitney Avenue stuff"—it had its uses. He did everything that he could, even to spending afternoons in the town garages in the hope that she would come in with her car and somehow leave a clue, but with no results.

And of course Angel and Dandy said

absolutely nothing. Spring was passing with its white flannels—and Curly would sit in classrooms over in Osborn Hall and gaze out of the window at the sun-flecked Green, dreaming about this mysterious girl. And the more he dreamed about her, the more he longed to find her! They certainly had the elephant on the run!

And then Fate stepped in—Fate in the person of Jimmy, barefooted and bareheaded, slowly browning under a new season's tan as he rollicked along under the Campus elms. Weeks had gone by when Curly stopped him one morning on Elm Street, outside the Post Office, and pulled his ears.

"Hi there, Jimmy boy!" he addressed him. "What's become of Champ these days? —I never see him any more. Thought you were the keeper of the Mascot?"

"Aw gee, Mr. Corliss," replied Jimmy. "The pup's gone nutty! He goes fussin' now on his own, same's Mr. Benson!"

"What do you mean, the pup goes fussing?" inquired Curly.

"Sure," Jimmy continued. "Ain't ya seen

him? He goes prancin' out Whitney Avenue all the time—I ain't seen him around here for days."

So—even Champ appreciated the benefits of "this Whitney Avenue stuff"! An idea suddenly came to Curly, and he drew Jimmy aside.

"Look here, kid," he said. "Don't say a word to Mr. Benson—but the next time you see Champ starting off, you dig after him and try and find out where he goes."

"Sure thing, Mr. Corliss!" agreed Jimmy—and Curly strolled across the Campus whistling a little tune. So Benson was carrying on an affair of his own, was he—for of course Champ must have gotten the habit from following his master! Well, well, well—and what would Miss Doris Ramsdell say to that? . . .

A few days later Jimmy stuck his head around Curly's door, and finding him alone made himself at home on the window-seat.

"Well," said Curly. "What's the dope?"

"Gee, Mr. Corliss, wait till I tell ya!" spluttered Jimmy. "You know about Champ

—well, I spotted the pup startin' off the other day, an' I followed him—down Elm Street an' out Temple to Whitney Avenue, an' then he pranced out to the Dixwell place——"

"The Dixwell place!" exclaimed Curly. "Gosh, he moves in swell society! Who's he fussing out there, Miss Jane Dixwell?"

"Sure," said Jimmy. "Miss Dixwell, she was in the garden, an' she knew him all right—she called him an' said 'Hello, Champ!' just like that—an' I lamps the pup over the hedge, an' he prances right up to her an' she starts feedin' him chocolates!"

"Then he must have followed Dandy out there," mused Curly.

"Aw, Mr. Benson's out there a lot too," vouchsafed Jimmy. "She knows him about's well as she knows Mr. Baxter, Miss Dixwell does—an' she's a cousin of Miss Ramsdell, that Mr. Benson took to the Prom this year——"

"Say, how do you know all this?" Curly asked suddenly, and caught Jimmy off his guard.

"Aw gee, Mr. Corliss," he explained.

"Miss Dixwell an' me has been pals since way back—an' ever since the day of the game——"

Jimmy put an end to his revelations very suddenly, and made for the door. Gee whiz, here he was about to spill the beans!

"I didn't say nothin'!" he assured Curly, and found himself held in a strong grasp.

"What game?" asked Curly. "Ever since what day?"

"Gee whiz," pleaded Jimmy. "Let me go, Mr. Corliss, can't ya? I didn't mean nothin' —honest I didn't!"

"You've known Miss Dixwell since way back," Curly went on relentlessly. "And even better perhaps since the day of the game, is that it? Do you mean the football game last fall?"

"Sure," Jimmy admitted.

"How so? . . ."

"Aw shucks, Mr. Corliss," confessed Jimmy. "I didn't mean to tell ya—Mr. Benson'll be sore as a boil—it was Miss Dixwell was drivin' the car that day that come near runnin' over the pup—Jiminy wheezer, Mr. Corliss! What's bitin' ya?"

"Are you *sure?*" Curly fairly shouted. "The girl in the car on the day of the game?"

"Sure thing," insisted Jimmy. "An' yesterday I seen her drivin' the car, an' Champ sittin' up alongside of her's big as life—the pup's gone nutty I tell ya!"

Well, maybe he had, but Curly had gone nuttier!

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Ain't ya afraid ya'll break the lamp or somethin', Mr. Corliss?" and he removed himself deftly from the room in the face of Curly's cavortings.

"Say, Benson!" Curly asked Angel that evening. "What does that dog of yours do all day—never see him around any more!"

"Oh, I don't know," Angel replied airily. "He's got friends everywhere. Moves in the very best circles!"

"I don't doubt it," smiled Curly. "The very *best* circles. . . ."

Two days later Miss Jane Dixwell, sitting on her front porch looking as refreshingly beautiful as the May morning which smiled upon her, became aware of Champ standing before her on the top step. There was nothing

unusual about this, so that she did not notice Jimmy watching the proceedings from the nearby hedge. She smiled at Champ—and then she *did* notice something unusual.

It seemed as though Champ had said to her as plainly as possible, "Here, Bountiful Lady, for Heaven's sake remove this ridiculous thing at present fastened to my collar!" At all events Miss Dixwell leaned forward and took the slip of paper folded around his silver plate —and Jimmy took to his heels in the direction of the College.

"Dear Miss Dixwell," said the note. "At last I think I have succeeded in finding you. If you still have that cup of tea, I should like to come and explain to you why it has taken me such a long time since you wrote that letter to find you. As for the dog, I guess he's an old friend of yours by this time. Very sincerely yours, Edward Corliss. P. S. The dog seems to like me, and you know dogs are considered good judges!"

Miss Jane Dixwell frowned a good deal after she had read it—she had no idea what letter Mr. Corliss was talking about, and his refer-

ences to cups of tea and all the rest of it were quite incomprehensible. Also she was not at all sure that she cared for this hole in the corner, dog collar method of correspondence!

And then her intimate knowledge of Mr. Benson and Mr. Baxter came to her mind as a possible solution of some of these things, and she began to smile. "Very sincerely yours, Edward Corliss . . ." So there he was at last, Jimmy's Mister Corliss, asking if he might come and call. Jimmy had told her that she would meet him this year—way back there on the afternoon of the Rush. "There ain't anybody classier than you anywheres . . ." he had assured her. And a little while later Miss Dixwell wrote a very brief note, addressed to the college post office.

On the next afternoon at four o'clock Mr. Corliss presented himself at the front door of the Dixwell residence, and pulled down his collar once or twice. He had found her, all right, and he was going to have that cup of tea —but her note had been very formal—and the fact was, the elephant was very nervous—something new for him!

"Gosh!" he exclaimed as she came through the door. "The kid was right!"

"What kid?" asked Miss Dixwell. "And how was he right?"

"Jimmy," Curly explained. "He told us all along that the girl in the car was a queen!" and Miss Dixwell wondered whether she were going to blush for the first time in her life. She changed the subject instead.

"Of course, Mr. Corliss," she informed him, "I'm very glad to meet you—I've heard so much about you from your roommate, and from Mr. Baxter—but you understand that I never wrote you any letter!"

"You never wrote me any letter!" gasped Curly. "What the . . ."

"No 'what the' about it!" she smiled. "I expect Mr. Benson has been playing a joke on you. Did you think to compare the handwriting of that first letter with the note I sent you yesterday?"

Curly looked at her with his mild eyes for a moment. She certainly was a "pippin," and to think that he had let all these months go by.

"What makes you think I kept that first

letter?" he inquired finally, in his plaintive voice, and Miss Dixwell turned away.

"Oh—oh, dear me!" she remarked rather helplessly, and rang for the tea things. They sat afterwards for a very long time, and laughed a good deal. When he finally went away there was no one to notice that she was calling him Ted, and that he had admitted that he knew her name was Jane!

And so Curly crossed the pleasant sweet-smelling lawn to the gate, and strolled homewards down Whitney Avenue, shuffling along with his hands in his pockets, whistling a little tune. Once or twice he stopped and dug with his toe in the earth by the side of the path, and smiled to himself.

"I remember seeing you at the Prom Concert," she had said to him. "I was wondering what you were doing there with Doris Ramsdell. . . . I was standing right behind you there at the baseball game on Omega Lambda Chi Day. . . ."

"And I've never seen you until to-day!" he had said to her. "Can I come out to-morrow? . . ."

"Why, yes, Ted—if you like. . . ."

"Thanks awfully—well, see you to-morrow, Jane. . . ."

Down on the university tennis courts people were putting away their racquets and letting down the nets—fellows were sitting with their chairs tipped back against the wall along the porches of the Scientific School club houses on Hillhouse Avenue, and there was a scent of cool evening pipes in the air—the sun was getting ready to set over beyond West Rock—in the ivy on Alumni Hall the sparrows were chattering of the day's events—and the white steeples on the Green were all pink with light.

From a group in white flannels over by the Senior fence came Angel's voice in exaggerated minors:

For I'm a freestone peach, and . . .

Then the long-drawn-out chorus, floating out across the darkening Campus, while the fat gray squirrels frisked from tree to tree:

. . . nothing clings—to—me.

Curly smiled to himself again as he turned into the Senior walk—it was funny how

things worked out—Jimmy and Champ—"this Whitney Avenue stuff"—and Jane . . .

And then with the last hot, spotlessly blue days of June it came—Commencement—brass bands, banners, and the bell of the Center Church tolling out the passing of another class on graduation morning. . . .

The posters first, in blue type on the Campus trees—Reunions—Headquarters—Sexennial—Quindecennial—such long words for Jimmy! And on Saturday afternoon they began to arrive, straw-hatted young men who had been Seniors when Curly was a Freshman—and other young men who had been Seniors when *these* were Freshmen—and portly panamaed persons with bald heads whose sons were Freshmen now—and such a shaking of hands and slapping of backs under the Campus elms—and such an uproar on the steps of class headquarters.

"Hello, *Bill* . . ."

"Oh, *Benny!* For Pete's sake—how the hell are you . . ."

"Come here, Sayre, you old owl—you're getting fat . . ."

But of course in Jimmy's estimation Monday was the day, for on that morning the costumes blossomed forth. The younger reunion classes wore fancy dress for two days —a special costume for each class—and they ranged anywhere from sailors and convicts to that class which had dressed itself up as Arabs and paraded to the Field with its Class Boy perched on top of a camel!

And this year again the Monday brought out some notable sights! A sexennial class dressed as Roman legionaries with bare knees, and shining shields and helmets, who spent their time marching in cohorts across the Senior diamond—thereby interfering considerably with the progress of a game between a crowd of Clowns—in green, with yellow spots—and an outfit of Robin Hoods with jaunty feathers in their caps!

Then some Puritans with tall black hats—and the famous Tommy Atkins class in their little red jackets—and, oh, wonderful to behold, a swarm of Pirates with enormous hat brims and purple coats, swathed in yellow sashes bristling with weapons!

And with it all such a riding around town on top of ice wagons—such a blaring of bands in reunion tents—and such a singing of old songs at Mory's and at the Graduates Club! —"Tell Me, Soldier Boy" and "Dolly Gray," "The Lone Pine Tree on the Mountain Top" and "Don't Care if they Call you Pie-Face, Pie-Face, Pie-Face."

Sturgis Blagden, dressed in the showiest portions of three separate reunion costumes—none of them his own—up on a table in the big room, singing above the accompanying din:

I am a Yankee General!
(Tururum-tum-tum-tum-tum)
And the prisoner is a—*spy!*
(Teedle-dum, teedle-dum, teedle-dum . . .)
I can do *naught*—to save him—save him—save him
And to-morrow—he must die!
(Ta-ta*ta*ta-ta*ta!*)
Remember I am a—soldier!
(Tata*ta*-ta!)
And my duty—must be—done!
Pleadings are useless!
The voi-dict must—stand—
E'en though he were—my—son!

Sid Corliss and a crowd of Romans over in another corner vociferating over the all ab-

sorbing question, while the Clowns were making merry with a bunch of toy balloons—

> Oh, am I the Guv-nor,
> Or am I the goat?
> Am I the Guv-nor General,
> Or a Hobo?
> (Bang—*bang*—bang!)
> What I want to know
> Is who's running this show?
> Is it me—
> Or E*mil*io Agui*nal*do!

New songs, too, made up on the spur of the moment:

> . . . and there never was a min*nit*,
> Another class was in *it*!
> Beer for breakfast,
> Beer for luncheon,
> *Beer* for supper time. . . .

or "We've been in an awful fix, since nineteen hundred and six, but the old flag never touched the ground. . . ."

And in the midst of it all, free lances with no reunion of their own, drifting about from group to group with their straw hats on the side of their heads—for it pays to keep your straw hat with you on such an evening!

But perhaps after all Tuesday was an even

greater day for Jimmy, because it brought with it the parade of the reunion classes to the Field for the Harvard baseball game, and the celebration on the Campus in the evening, with fireworks and red lights and all the bands playing at once—and convivial beer kegs too, for those were the palmy days!

And this year it was all too wonderful! The Romans went out to the game with real chariots, and the drivers dressed in long flowing red cloaks—and the Pirates had a splendid float representing a ship with cannon, and someone blindfolded pretending to walk the plank! This was all before the days when the Parade Marshals forbade floats, and issued the statement that only "elephants, camels, or other soft-footed beasts would be allowed on the Field!"

The fattest of the Robin Hoods had dressed himself up as Maid Marian and behaved in a manner utterly scandalous for one of his years. Then here was the Tommy Atkins class stepping out behind that wonderful band of theirs playing "Oh—oh, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy" and in the distance "Onward Chris-

tian Soldiers" and the slow-moving Puritans. The hit of the parade perhaps was the Green Clown who marched out in front of his class carrying a bottle of beer in a bird cage on the end of a long pole, labeled "My lunch."

Ordinarily Jimmy would have been right in the midst of it all—up on the ship perhaps, or in one of the chariots, certainly out in front of the Tommy Atkins band—but somehow the recollection of another parade kept him back.

The parade of the Senior class the afternoon before, after the Class Day Exercises on the Campus—a parade in caps and gowns behind the Governor's Footguards' Band, which wound its way around the Campus for the planting of the Class Ivy, and then out Hillhouse Avenue to the President's residence to say good-by.

A parade that passed unobtrusively through the garish Commencement scene, rather somberly in the midst of the wide-flung motley—with here and there a very white face! Well, it did feel as though the world were coming to an end—the Campus had never seemed so

friendly—and what a short way it was after all out to Prexy's! . . .

Curly and Angel and Dandy marched along ahead of the band with the class banner, with its gold numerals and tassels, so shimmeringly new in the late afternoon sun—and of course Jimmy had been out in front of them all with Champ, leading their last parade as he had led the one on the opening night of the year.

"Hello, Jimmy boy, let's start the parade, what do you say?" Curly had said to him—the very words he had used that other time—and the band struck up "How d'you do, Miss Mandy," and Jimmy suddenly gulped very hard.

As they marched they sang—football songs, class songs—and on the way back from the President's:

> The saddest tale we have to tell,
> Folderol-derol-rol-rol—
> Is when we bid our last farewell,
> Folderol-derol-rol-rol.

Oh, dear, thought Jimmy, what a terrible gloom it all was!

But they had gone off to the Concert and

the Senior Prom gayly enough that same evening, and at a very early hour of the morning Jimmy, who apparently never went to bed at all during Commencement, was vastly entertained to observe Angel and Sparrow in their dress-suits, serving behind the lunch counter at the Black Cat, while a crowd of sleepy Prom girls negotiated a dawn breakfast of cornflakes and cream. They all seemed unduly merry and it was clear that something pretty big had happened.

Well, it certainly had!

Earlier that evening, before the Concert, Angel and Dandy had been asked to dinner at Miss Jane Dixwell's. When they stepped into the living-room they were greeted by a very pleasant scene. In front of the fireplace sat Miss Dixwell, very dainty in summer evening finery, and on her lap sat Champ, trying violently to lick her chin—and beside her stood Mr. Corliss, looking like a cat who has swallowed a canary and wishes there were more!

"Hello, Jane," began Dandy. "What the . . ."

"Love me, love my dog!" ventured Angel.

"Well, for Pete's sake, Corliss, what are you doing here?"

"I came to get that cup of tea!" smiled Curly.

"And I invited him to dinner!" Jane concluded.

"Snake in the grass!" said Angel. "Think you're pretty clever, don't you? Sorry about that letter, Jane, but we had to hang it on the elephant for once!"

"And he swallowed it whole," chortled Dandy. "He's been hanging around garages trying to find the girl who wrote that letter!"

"Not lately!" murmured Curly, and Angel swung around.

"What do you mean, not lately?" he asked. "How'd you find Jane anyway?"

"Very pleasant!" grinned Curly. "All right, all right—I followed your dog! He only moves in the best circles you know!"

"Followed my dog!" exclaimed Angel. "Say, how many cups of tea have you had out here? Jane, you've deceived us—no dog of mine shall lick your chin! Champ, come to your master!"

"Woof!" observed Champ, meaning—"You're full of fun!"

Then Miss Dixwell began to laugh, and Curly began to laugh, and Dandy frowned at Angel.

"What can you do with a man like that?" he asked helplessly.

"Oh, let's tell them, Jane!" Curly finally suggested, and Angel swung around again.

"Jane!" he groaned. "He calls her Jane! Say, what goes on anyway?"

"Why," said Miss Dixwell. "Nothing—except that Ted and I are engaged!"

"Have been for two weeks in fact!" added Curly.

Dandy stepped out into the middle of the room and turned to Angel.

"Never," he announced, "do you hear me, *never* introduce your lady friend to Corliss—not even anonymously. It doesn't pay!"

"And he'll try and keep the dog, too, you watch him!" grinned Angel.

Then they had dinner, and Angel had to run right afterwards to line up his Glee Club over in Woolsey—so that it was not until they

came out on the stage for the first number that he saw Miss Doris Ramsdell down in the front row, with Jane and Curly and Dandy—and Champ, sitting on her lap!

That had been a little joke of Miss Dixwell's and Doris had stayed away from dinner so Angel would not know she was spending Commencement with her cousin until she appeared suddenly before him in the audience.

Her appearance rather ruined the first number too! Ham looked down at her over the footlights and said "Hello, Doris!" to her out loud, and Sparrow made faces at Angel and implored him to "Stay on the stage if you possibly can!" in more than audible whispers. Well, the Woolsey stage is a big stage, and high off the ground, so that Angel could not get down in front of her to sing "Sweetest Little Georgia Maiden"—but he did the next best thing and brought out the Hogans for an encore, with the announcement that they would sing the Hogan Song for an Honorary Member present in the audience—and everybody craned their necks to see—and Curly stood up—and Miss Doris Ramsdell

stood up with him, holding Champ in her arms!

"She's a regular feller!" Harry Ordway was forced to admit. "Not another girl in a thousand would have had the nerve to do that —listen to the audience tearing up the furniture. . . ."

Then came the Senior Prom, after they had cleared the seats away, and Angel blandly cut seven dances in a row to sit with Miss Ramsdell out on the stone step under the Flag Pole in front of Woolsey.

"You-all have an awful nerve, d'you hear?" she said to him. "Makin' me stand up like that before all those folks!"

"Supposing I asked you to stand up before a lot of bridesmaids and ushers?" Angel asked her suddenly, and Miss Ramsdell laughed at him.

"I'm a freestone peach . . ." she objected but Angel corrected her.

"You're a peach, right enough . . ." he assured her. "What do you say, Doris? . . ."

"Well, if you-all insist, Mr. Benson . . ." she replied—and that is probably why they

were all so merry up at the Black Cat the next morning!

Then it was Tuesday evening in the midst of the uproar on the Campus, and still they all seemed as cheerful as could be. Dandy was off somewhere with the Pirates doing a Moorish dance, and Curly and Angel and the others were drifting about from group to group, as though the packing cases were not waiting to be nailed up back there in their rooms. They had just taken Jane and Doris home—and the night was still young!

Harvard had won the baseball game that afternoon, as a matter of cold fact, but no one allowed a little trifle like that to interfere with the Celebration! Victory or no, the firing of Roman candles at passing base drums remained just as pleasant a pastime as ever, and the Gothic slenderness of the Old Library towered as usual above the mists of acrid sulphur smoke.

At one point in the proceedings the Romans decided to have a chariot race around the driveway—in the midst of which the Clowns set fire to the Pirate ship and danced around

it arm in arm with the Tommies—but somehow no one ever gets hurt on Commencement Tuesday!

"Gee, let's get away from this stink!" said Curly, all of a sudden. "You can't breathe in this mess. . . ."

"It beats the Dutch how they tear things up at Reunion," laughed Sparrow. "I suppose we'll be just as crazy when we come back. I should think they'd all be dead after cavorting around like this for two days!"

"And all just because they happen to be back in town with their class," added Angel. "Gosh, I'm beginning to look forward to Triennial already!"

"Oh, you and Curly will be so married by that time," prophesied Ham, "you probably won't even come to Reunion!"

"You watch us!" retorted Angel.

"Let's go over and see Dad," suggested Curly. "They ought to be through with their class dinner by now. I told him I'd drop around. Come on Sparrow—Ham—we'll breeze over to their joint and shoot them a little song. . . ."

They passed through Phelps Gateway and along College Street, and since Jimmy was in charge of Champ of course he went along too.

"Here you, take the pup and see if you can explain to him that Roman candles are not meant to eat!" Angel had said to him.

And when they all went into the house where Mr. Corliss Senior's class had their headquarters Jimmy had a surprise—for there was At, smoking a pipe like any Sophomore, and wearing his numerals—and a smiling gentleman whom Curly introduced around as Dad—and in his Roman costume, helmet and all, Sid Corliss! Gee whiz, thought Jimmy, the whole Corliss shooting match together in one room! Pretty slick for the old man to be the father of three such celebrities! Of course Jimmy had no means of knowing that the "old man" had been quite a celebrity himself in his day—and if to the world at large he was Judge Corliss, to his own class he still remained "Whizfish"—Whiz Corliss!

They fussed about for a time while Mr. Corliss Senior took Curly around.

"I want you to meet my second boy, Ted—he graduates this year. . . ."

"Dear me—so you're old Whiz Corliss's son—I used to pitch pennies with your father when we were Seniors together over in South Middle. . . ."

"Did you?" Curly grinned. "I'll take the two of you on any time you say—I don't believe the old man's much good. . . ."

Then Angel made everybody laugh by taking Champ around too.

"I want you to meet my little dog, Champ—he drinks beer. . . ."

People were drifting in and out all the time, men from older classes, youngsters in costume, "looking for a little excitement," soft-shirted undergraduates hunting for Father, or Uncle Ned. It was just like a big family, thought Jimmy, and with the thought he learned the last great truth about this life of college—it did not end on Class Day at all—on the contrary it all began afresh—Commencement—and went on forever!

"Whoopee!" he squealed, and Mr. Corliss Senior turned towards him.

"That's Jimmy, Dad," Curly said to him. "You know, our newsie I told you about—the orphan. . . ."

And it being Commencement time for them all, it seemed that it was to be commencement for Jimmy too.

"Come here, son," said Mr. Corliss. "They tell me you're a pretty smart youngster—isn't there something you'd rather do besides sell papers?"

"Aw gee," Jimmy grunted bashfully, twisting his toes.

"Go on, Jimmy boy," smiled Curly. "What would you like to be when you grow up?"

Jimmy took a deep breath.

"Aw gee," he said at last. "I'd like to be a slick guy like Curly—an'—an' carry the banner on Class Day. . . ." He said it just as he would have said yes if someone had offered him a piece of pie. They had asked him, and he had told them. But what was this——

"Carry the banner on Class Day, eh?" Mr. Corliss, Senior, was saying. "Well—first, how

would you like to come with me to Hartford, and work in my office, and go to night school during the summer—and then we'll see about going to a real school? . . ."

"Say, quit your kiddin'!" exclaimed Jimmy suspiciously. "Whatcha givin' me?"

"That's straight dope, Jimmy boy," Curly assured him. "Dad isn't kidding you—we've talked about it for some time, haven't we, Sid?"

"And after you've gone to school," Mr. Corliss, Senior, went on, "I want you to come here to college—and be a 'slick guy' like Curly!"

It was a good deal to ask Jimmy to grasp all at once!

"Aw gee!" he burst out finally. "Ya mean *me?* You'll fix it so's I can learn to be a regular feller—you're givin' me a present? A present of a big year here at College—Cripes, Mr. Corliss, you're some guy!"

The rest of the class had no idea what was going on, but they overheard that last remark, and for the rest of the evening "Cripes, Mr. Corliss!" greeted Curly's father whenever he

opened his lips to speak. Angel appropriated it too, and hurled it at Curly.

"Cripes, Mr. Corliss!" he called to him across the room. "Are you singing with us, or just talking to your family?"

But Jimmy was no longer conscious of what was going on around him. He sat all curled up in a big arm-chair hugging Champ, and saw visions. Some day perhaps, if they really meant it, he would take his place in all these pleasant scenes—Gee whillikens, he would have to make good.

"I can't come till after the weddin'," he confided suddenly to Curly's father. "I promised Miss Dixwell . . ."

"All right, Buster!" laughed Mr. Corliss, Senior, stretching himself. "I expect I'll have to be there too!" then he looked around at his classmates.

"I don't know what all you youngsters propose to do," he said, "but I'm going to bed—it's two o'clock of a Wednesday morning——"

So they all went home very slowly arm in arm, with Jimmy frisking about in front with

Champ—and at the Pirate headquarters they gathered in Dandy.

"Come on, you old night owl," said Sparrow. "Time to slip the sheets. Where you been all evening?"

"Oh, just crashing around," Dandy replied. "These reunion tents are a circus. You know, I don't feel half as low about going away as I did yesterday! Hope we have a darn good costume for Triennial!"

But of course when they found themselves under the Vanderbilt Arch, Ham stopped them.

"How about going through the ceremony of a song, as it were?" he suggested. "Last chance!"

"All right—what'll it be? . . ."

Well, they sang them all, and at the end Ham turned to Angel.

"Now then, Benson," he said, "hop to it —put her way up, as high as you can reach!"

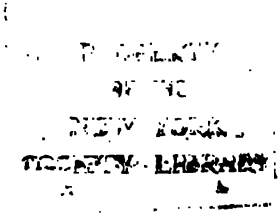
And Angel shut his eyes, and put his head up, and sang "Toyland"—once through very soft, and then with all the power of his ringing

tenor, reëchoing through the empty spaces of the silent Campus:

> . . . Childhood's joyland,
> Mystic, merry, Toyland—
> Once you pass its portals—you—
> Can never—return—again!

So they sang—but Jimmy, smiling to himself in the shadows, knew that this was not so.

THE END





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